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DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

(Number 60.)

THE  
**HIDDEN HAND;**

Or, The Gray Lady of North Vennon.

A DRAMA, IN FOUR ACTS.

BY TOM TAYLOR.

*Author of "Henry Dunbar," "To Oblige Benson," "A Sister's Pennance," &c.*

AS FIRST PERFORMED AT THE OLYMPIC THEATRE, LONDON,  
UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. HORACE WIGAN,  
WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER, 2D, 1864.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—  
Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and  
the whole of the Stage Business.

NEW YORK

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	M.	F.		
141. Absent Minded, Ethiopian farce, 1 act.....	3	1	124. Deaf as a Post, Ethiopian sketch.....	
73. African Box, burlesque, 2 scenes....	5		111. Deeds of Darkness, Ethiopian extravaganza, 1 act.....	
107. Africanus Bluebeard, musical Ethiopian burlesque, 1 scene.....	6	2	139. Desperate Situation (A), farce, 1 act.....	
113. Ambition, farce, 2 scenes.....	7		50. Draft (The), sketch, 2 scenes.....	
133. Awful Plot (An), Ethiopian farce, 1a. 3	1		64. Dutchman's Ghost, 1 scene.....	
43. Baby Elephant, sketch, 2 scenes....	7	1	95. Dutch Justice, laughable sketch, 1 scene.....	
42. Bad Whiskey, Irish sketch, 1 scene. 2	1		67. Editor's Troubles, farce, 1 scene. 4. Eh? What is it? sketch.....	
79. Barney's Courtship, musical interlude, 1 act.....	1	2	136. Election Day, Ethiopian farce, 2 acts.....	
40. Big Mistake, sketch, 1 scene.....	4		98. Elopement (The), farce, 2 scenes.....	
6. Black Chap from Whitechapel, Negro piece.....	4		52. Excise Trials, sketch, 1 scene.....	
10. Black Chemist, sketch, 1 scene....	3		25. Fellow that Looks like Me, interlude, 1 scene.....	
11. Black-Ey'd William, sketch, 2 scenes 4	1		88. First Night (The), Dutch farce, 1 act.....	
146. Black Forrest (The), Ethiopian farce, 1 act.....	2	1	51. Fisherman's Luck, sketch, 1 scene.....	
110. Black Magician (De), Ethiopian comicality.....	4	2	152. Fun in a Cooper's Shop, Ethiopian sketch.....	
126. Black Statue (The), Negro farce....	4	2	106. Gambbrinus, King of Lager Beer, Ethiopian burlesque, 2 scenes.....	
127. Blinks and Jinks, Ethiopian sketch. 3	1		83. German Emigrant (The), sketch, 1 scene.....	
128. Bobolino, the Black Bandit, Ethiopian musical farce, 1 act.....	2	1	77. Getting Square on the Call Boy, sketch, 1 scene.....	
120. Body Snatchers (The), Negro sketch, 2 scenes.....	3	1	17. Ghost (The), Sketch, 1 act.....	
78. Bogus Indian, sketch, 4 scenes.....	5	2	58. Ghost in a Pawn Shop, sketch, 1 scene.....	
89. Bogus Talking Machine (The), farce, 1 scene.....	4		31. Glycerine Oil, sketch, 2 scenes....	
24. Bruised and Cured, sketch, 1 scene. 2			20. Going for the Cup, interlude.....	
108. Charge of the Hash Brigade, comic Irish musical sketch.....	2	2	82. Good Night's Rest, sketch, 1 scene.....	
148. Christmas Eve in the South, Ethiopian farce, 1 act.....	6	2	130. Go and get Tight, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	
35. Coal Heaver's Revenge, Negro sketch, 1 scene.....	6		86. Gripsack, sketch, 1 scene.....	
112. Coming Man (The), Ethiopian sketch, 2 scenes.....	3	1	70. Guide to the Stage, sketch.....	
41. Cremation, sketch, 2 scenes.....	8	1	61. Happy Couple, 1 scene.....	
144. Crowded Hotel (The), sketch, 1 scene. 4	1		142. Happy Uncle Rufus, Ethiopian musical sketch, 1 scene.....	
140. Cupid's Frolics, sketch, 1 scene.....	5	1	23. Hard Times, extravaganza, 1 scene.....	
12. Daguerreotypes, sketch, 1 scene....	3		118. Helen's Funny Babies, burlesque, 1 act.....	
53. Damon and Pythias, burlesque, 2 scenes 5	1		3. Hemmed In, sketch.....	
63. Darkey's Stratagem, sketch, 1 scene 3	1		48. High Jack, the Heeler, sketch, 1 scene.....	
131. Darkey Sleep Walker (The), Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	3	1	68. Hippotheatron, sketch.....	
			150. How to Pay the Rent, farce, 1 scene.....	
			71. In and Out, sketch, 1 scene.....	
			123. Intelligence Office (The), Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	

# THE HIDDEN HAND;

OR, THE

## GRAY LADY OF PORTH VENNON.

A Drama,

IN FOUR ACTS.

ADAPTED FROM "L'AIEULE," OF MM. D'ENNERY AND EDMOND.

BY TOM TAYLOR,

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TRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PER-  
FORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE  
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS

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NEW YORK

THE DE WITT PUBLISHING HOUSE

## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

822  
T218h

*Olympic Theatre,  
London, Nov. 2, 1864.*

Lord Penarvon (Lead).....	Mr. HENRY NEVILLE.
Sir Caradoc Ap Ithel (Juvenile).....	Mr. COGHLAN.
Master Caerleon (Comedy).....	Mr. MACLEAN.
Madoc Goch, an old Shepherd (Old Man).....	Mr. G. VINCENT.
Morgan Price (Utility).....	Mr. H. COOPER.
Lady Penarvon (Lead).....	Miss KATE TERRY.
Muriel, her Daughter (Juvenile Comedy).....	Miss LOUISA MOORE.
Lady Griffydd (Old Woman—Heavy).....	Miss A. BOWERING.
Enid, her Granddaughter (Walking Lady).....	Miss LYDIA FOOTE.
Gwynnedd Vechan (Chambermaid).....	Miss FARRER.

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*TIME OF PLAYING—Two hours and a half.*

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*TIME—1685.*

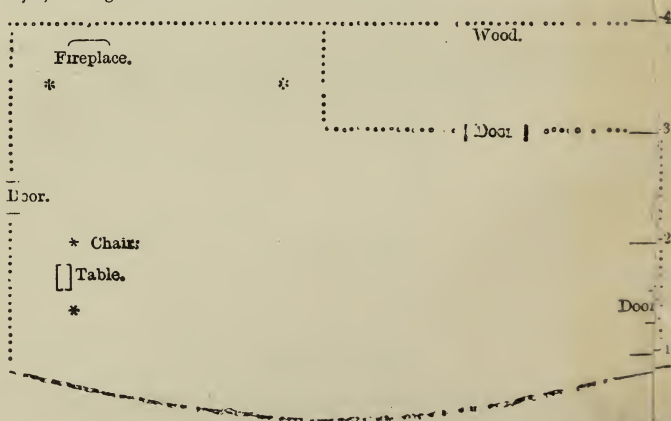
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*PLACE—Linas Arvon, an Old Castle in Carnarvonshire.*

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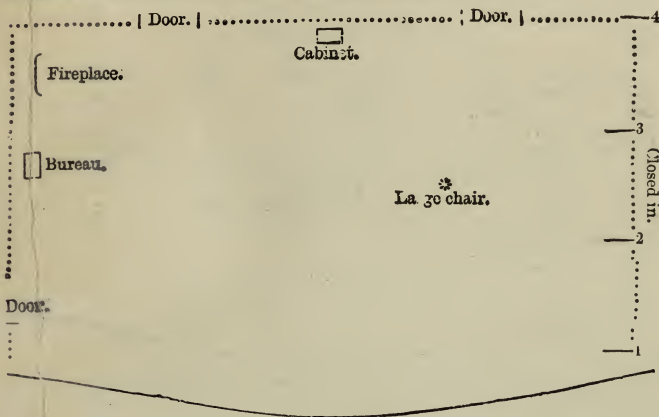
## SCENERY.

ACT I.—Interior of Ancient Castle Hall, panelled in the Seventeenth Century style, in 4th grooves.



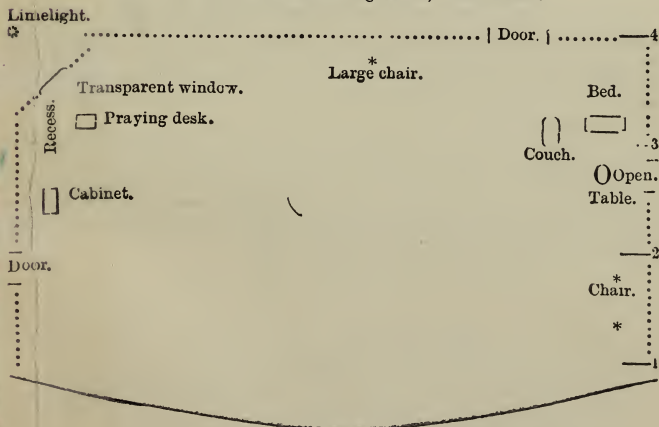
Iron logs and large logs on fire, burning; armor, stag's heads, spears, banners on the walls.

ACT II.—Interior of Castle in 4th grooves; Elizabethan oak panelling, with portraits in the woodwork and stucco ornamented ceiling.



Fire burning, handsome antique furniture.

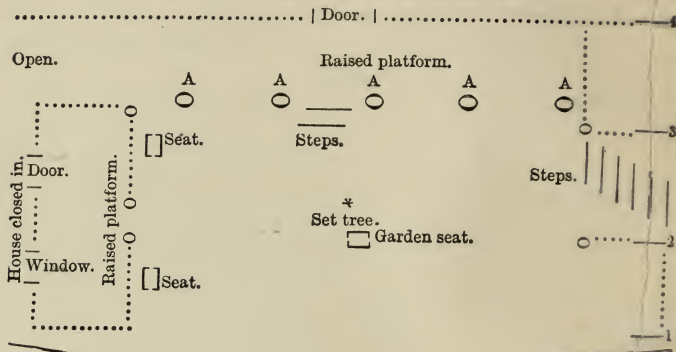
ACT III. - Bed chamber in 4th grooves; Elizabethan.



Limelight for moonlight, throwing beams to L. side; L. 2 E. set flat has an opening in it for entrance, masked by tapestry all along L. side. with an opening in it for hand to be passed through in the recess, R. U. E. a stand with crucifix or statuette of Virgin, with cushion to kneel on.



## ACT IV.—Exterior of Castle in 4th grooves.



Door in flat; flat represents a garden house; before it, in upper entrance, a low raised platform for piazza, with pillars, A, A, A, A, A, supporting the roof; climbing plants; L. 2 E. steps with stone balustrade and posts, leading up off; R. side a porch before the outer wall of the hall, moss-grown, and time-worn stone; tubs of orange and box-wood trees; balustrade to porch; set tree R. of C.; garden seats; sky sinks; tree borders.

## COSTUMES.

The dress of the beginning of the reign of James the Second. Loose velvet laced doublets, with broad shoulder belts; loose breeches to the knee; broad-toed shoes, tied with riband; shoulder and garter knots of riband to harmonize in color with the dresses; flat broad-brimmed hats, with feathers round the rim; swords and canes; Madoc Goch's dress should be of goat-skin; the retainers' dresses rude; the women with Welsh hats; some of the men in goat-skin, like Madoc.

The ladies dresses should be long waisted, coming well over the shoulder, and high behind, but low and rounded at the bosom, sleeves to the elbow, full and ruffled, skirts opened in front, showing an under petticoat flounced; material for the older ladies, rich silk or brocade—Muriel, white, and Enid light colored; Lady Griffydd's dress should be black, of the fashion of Charles the First; her hair white, worn under a black coif or hood—a deep flat ruff. Fans for ladies.

## PROPERTIES—(See Scenery.)

ACT I.—Bag of letters for Morgan; whip; for Madoc, bag, ring; letter for Carleon; bunch of flowers; vase on R. table. ACT II.: Wood for fire to burn; large arm-chair; herbs for Madoc; flowers for Muriel; book in bureau, R. E.; bunch of keys, small, for Lady P. ACT III.: Glass full of liquor, empty glass, and piece of ribbon on table, up L.; vial for Lady Griffydd; vial for Caradoc; packet for Madoc, wherein is tooth and leaves. ACT IV.: Glass of water; vial as before for Lady G.

[For Synopsis and Stage Directions see pages 42, 43, and 44]

# THE HIDDEN HAND.

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## ACT I.

SCENE.—*An Old Hall, in 4th grooves.*

*As the Curtain rises* MORGAN PRICE, booted, spurred, budget belted about him and whip in hand, is discovered surrounded by SERVANTS in the Penarvon livery, who noisily welcome him.

MORGAN (*shaking hands with the MEN and kissing the GIRLS*). There, there! a Welsh welcome's a warm welcome, but my thirty mile ride from Caernarvon has warmed me enough already, and I've my budget to deliver to my lady. (*unbuckling his pouch*) Where's Gwynnedd\* Vechan?

*Enter GWYNNEDD, C.*

GWYNNEDD. Here, Morgan Price!

MOR. I didn't think you'd be the last to welcome me, Gwynnedd! But I've a letter for my lady from my lord.

GWYN. A letter for my lady—give it me!

MOR. (*reading direction*). "For the Worshipful the Lady Penarvon, these—"

GWYN. Lady Penarvon? I thought it was for my lady!

MOR. Isn't Lady Penarvon your lady?

GWYN. No: my lady is the Gray Lady of Porth Vennon, mother of the Lady Penarvon of the old blood, whose daughter, Enid, should be the mistress of Dinas Arvon.

ALL. Aye, aye, Cymraeg! lordship for Cymraeg land—no Saxons here!

MOR. A fiddlestick! Saxon and Cymraeg! I've seen the world and the Court; I've had all that nonsense rubbed out of me.

GWYN. The more shame for you, Morgan Price! What would uncle say if he heard you?

MOR. Madoc Goch? pooh! as if I cared for him, wise man as he is, with his simples and his spells, his star craft, and word cunning. No, no, I've seen mountebanks in London.

*Music.—Enter MADOC, C.*

No, Gwynnedd, if you like to bewitch me I've no objection, but as for your uncle—

---

\*The "dd" in Welsh names is pronounced s "th."

GWYN. Hush! he's here!

ALL (*in an undertone of alarm*). Madoc Goch!

MADOC comes down, c., dressed in rough goat-skin, with a long staff and a wallet—he wears shaggy red hair and beard, and his expression is gloomy and abstracted—SERVANTS draw back with an appearance of awe as he goes by them.

MADOC. Gwynnedd Vechan, I would speak with thee alone.

All the SERVANTS withdraw hurriedly, R. and L., except MORGAN, who assumes a swaggering air, and begins to whistle—MADOC looks fixedly at him—his swagger oozes gradually out, and his whistle becomes fainter till it ceases.

MOR. (*confused*). Well, Gwynnedd. Good-day, Madoc Goch: I've my budget to deliver, so—(*draws towards door, R. sheepishly as long as he remains under MADOC'S eye, when out of its range makes a precipitate exit, R. 3 E.*)

GWYN. I little thought to see you here, uncle; you come so seldom to the castle now.

MADOC. Has she told her Saxon lequeys to shut the door on all who served the fair-haired one that sleeps in Corwen Abbey yard?

GWYN. Oh, no! she makes no difference between Saxon and Cymraeg.

MADOC. Who is she, that she should make differences, Gwynnedd Vechan? Three things, says the Triad, go together; faith, love, and the true blood—hate, scorn, and the stranger.

GWYN. But, uncle, if you only knew how gentle the poor lady is, and how unhappy.

MADOC (*seizing her by the arm*). Out, false cub! Dare a niece of Madoc Goch turn a kind eye on the stranger!

GWYN. Oh please, uncle, I try my very best to hate her; I strove so hard to be glad when she had that fall from her hackney, the other day. Is it true, as they say, uncle, that you had cast a spell on the beast?

MADOC. When Madoc Goch calls down a ban or blessing it strikes home. The strange woman has risen from her fall.

GWYN. Thanks to Master Caerleon that stopped the horse on the brink of the Black Water; it trampled him, that he would have died, only for Sir Caradoc; oh, he has such rare skill, uncle.

MADOC (*contemptuously*). Book-learning, girl, Saxon book-learning! What does he know of the signs and the stars, the roots of healing and the words of power that came to me from the old race and the old time?

GWYN. If you'd only cast some spell to work folks good instead of harm—

MADOC. I have! (*showing her a blue glass ring*). Look!

GWYN. A paltry toy such as you may buy of a peddler for a groat.

MADOC. Fool! that judge by sight, like the Saxon. Lay this where Enid Gwynn may find it.

GWYN. I'll hide it in her chamber, here, under her embroidery.

[Exit GWYNNEDD, L.]

MADOC. If she but touch it first with the heart hand—

Re-enter GWYNNEDD, L.

GWYN. It's done! I was barely in time, she was just coming in



MADOC. Look, and tell me what you see.

GWYN. (*at the keyhole*) She has found the ring. She takes it curiously.

MADOC (*eagerly*). With the left hand?

GWYN. Yes.

MADOC. That bodes well.

GWYN. She is coming.

*Enter ENID, with ring in her hand, L.—crosses to C.*

ENID. Look Gwynnedd. Ah Madoc Goch, I'm very glad to see you. Look—this quaint blue glass ring. I found it but now. Treasure trove! But I wonder where it could have come from.

MADOC. From me, Enid Gwynn, it is a *glan nadyr*—a snake stone, and the finding of it binds all blessing on you and yours.

ENID. My kind Madoc! Put it up in my japan cabinet, Gwynnedd.

[*Exit GWYNNEDD, L.*]

You are always contriving to work me good. Now, Madoc, if you could but cast a spell to bring Lady Penarvon happiness.

*Enter LADY GRIFFYDD, R. 3 E.*

MADOC. My power avails not for the stranger. I'm too old to learn new loves. (*LADY GRIFFYDD comes down, R., and sits, overhearing MADOC's words as she comes down.*)

LADY G. Well spoken, Madoc Goch.

ENID. Good morning dear grandam. (*runs to her—arranges her chair, footstool, &c.*)

LADY G. You are welcome, Madoc Goch; when I see you I feel I have one link with the old faith, the old love, the old time. After the oaks of Penarvon Chase, methinks you and I, Madoc, should be the ancients here.

MADOC. 'Tis even so, my lady.

LADY G. The old should pass away. It is a curse when they outlive the young.

ENID. But when they are dearly loved and made much of by their grandchildren, there is some comfort for them, is there not? (*caressing her.*)

LADY G. There would be if their grandchildren had their rights; if, in default of a mother's love, they had all their father's. (*music*) Give me my needles, child. (*she begins to knit—the barking of a dog heard outside*) What's that?

ENID (*rises*). As I live, 'tis Madoc's savage wolf-dog, Bran, threatening cousin Caradoc. Away, Madoc, or there'll be mischief.

MADOC (*going*). Cannot all his book-learning guard him from Bran's tusks? I have words against all bites. *Tid emm, Bran, tid emm.* (*come back!*)

[*Exit, R. 3 E., calling the dog in Welsh.*]

ENID. And cousin Caradoc, too, who so hates being fluttered! Here he comes. (*stop music.*)

*Enter SIR CARADOC, R. 3 E.*

SIR C. (*straightening his sword*) Your servant, Lady Griffydd. Ah! cousin Enid. (*replacing his sword*) A good blade spoilt, I fear; it must have come athwart a rib.

ENID (*goes to him*). What has happened?

SIR C. Nothing of any moment—only an ill-bred cur that said nay to

my coming in. He insisted—so did I. He showed his teeth—I clapped my hand to my sword. He sprang—I gave point—precisely in the fifth intercostal space—you may conceive the rest.

ENID. Poor Bran.

SIR C. Thank you; methinks poor Sir Caradoc had sounded more consinly.

ENID. Oh! I'm only applying your own doctrine—never give way to emotion.

LADY G. I marvel, Sir Caradoc, you should have reached this height of philosophy so young.

SIR C. I owe it to studies that most think unworthy a man of birth and breeding—chemistry, physics, and above all, anatomy. If people knew all I know, existence would be one long terror. Men would scarce venture to sit, stand, laugh, cry, eat, drink, dice—to say nothing of falling in love, which involves all the dangers of all the other acts of life put together.

LADY G. A fitting result of studies that ill become one in whose veins runs the blood of the Princess of Powys.

SIR C. But consider, Lady Griffydd, I have only studied, not stooped to make myself useful in the healing art.

ENID. How dare you say so, cousin? as if you had not tended Master Caerleon.

SIR C. That was an exception.

ENID. And you cured him, to boot. I suppose—(*archly pausing.*)

SIR C. That was an exception too! (ENID *nods.*)

SIR C. Thank you, cousin. Besides, I have tended your daughter-in-law.

LADY G. (*coldly*). My son-in-law's second wife; you cannot boast your success with her. Her spirits at least do not revive.

ENID. But, cousin, I hope Lady Penarvon is not really ailing?

LADY G. I can answer that, my child. I have watched her closely—Lady Penarvon is not well.

SIR C. Your ladyship's watchfulness over Lady Penarvon is nothing less than motherly. Here comes the lady.

*Enter LADY PENARVON, L. 1 E., in a reverie; she does not observe the others, but seats herself, L. C.; LADY GRIFFYDD watches her closely.*

LADY P. Three days since he has been here. I'm glad of it. Would I may never see him again! Would I had never seen him!

SIR C. (*coming forward*). So thoughtful, Lady Penarvon.

LADY P. (*starting*). Ah! Sir Caradoc, I did not see you. Lady Griffydd, your pardon. Enid, too! (*holding out her hand.*)

ENID (*running to her*). You truant, you don't deserve a kiss.

LADY P. (*hastily*). My fan, Enid!

ENID (*running to her*). Your fan! why here it is on your arm. You must thank cousin Caradoc, Lady Penarvon; he brings such good news of his patient.

LADY P. I rejoice to hear it. Master Caerleon—indeed, we all owe you much, Sir Caradoc.

SIR C. I finger no fees, so I have no motive for keeping my cases in hand. Caerleon is free to start for London when he likes.

LADY P. I thought he had left Tegwyn already. How long is it since we have seen him?

ENID. Three days, and I feel so angry with him. I could almost forget how much we owe him for saving you. (*approaches LADY PENARVON caressingly*)

LADY P. My sweet Enid. (*about to kiss her.*)

LADY G. (*sharply*). Enid, take away these flowers, their scent sickens me.

ENID. Scent! What a fancy! Why, they're Michaelmas daisies.

*Enter GWYNNEDD, L. C.*

GWYN. Master Caerleon craves leave to present his respects. (LADY PENARVON starts. SIR CARADOC and the LADY GRIFFYDD watch her keenly. *Exit GWYNNEDD, L., behind column.*)

SIR C. (*aside*). Her pulse rose twenty at least.

LADY G. (*aside*). That blush spoke.

*Enter CAERLEON—he bows to the LADIES.*

ENID. At last, you ingrate!

LADY P. (*with an effort*). So Sir Caradoc has at last given you permission to leave us.

CAER. I had hoped to ride for Shrewsbury to-day, but I have been forced to postpone my departure by a letter from my father, received this morning, of which he promises a speedy explanation.

LADY P. (*aside, and betraying agitation*). And Lord Penarvon arrives to-day?

LADY G. Your father is an intimate friend of Lord Penarvon's?

CAER. He has that honor.

LADY G. Say, rather, that pleasure. Lord Penarvon's friends give more thought to pleasure than to honor.

LADY P. (*imploringly to LADY GRIFFYDD, crossing to her, pointing to ENID*). If you will not spare my sorrow, madam, at least respect her innocence.

LADY G. (*coldly*). Am I unjust, Lady Penarvon? It may be so; we know but little here what my lord's life is. His visits at Dinas Arvon are few and far between, and his letters, methinks, are not much more frequent than his visits.

LADY P. Your pardon, madam; here is a letter of his, just arrived, in which he bids me expect a visit from him to-day.

CAER. (*aside—starting*). Ha! He is Muriel's father—he shall decide our fate.

SIR C. (*aside*). He started then.

LADY G. My lord keeps you so well informed, you may be able to tell us whether he means for once to give his daughter more than a few days of his company.

LADY P. You know as well as I, madam, that my lord's visits are never long ones. A week will, no doubt, be enough to tire him of Dinas Arvon.

LADY G. There was a time when he found the Castle less wearisome, but then—(*she stops.*)

LADY P. He had a wife he loved. True, madam.

ENID. Oh, my father will be so happy among us that he will be fain to stay.

SIR C. (*aside*). He ought to be, in the bosom of this remarkably united family.

*Music.—Enter GWYNNEDD, L.*

GWYN. My lady, a coach and four is driving up the grand avenue with led horses and outriders in my lord's liveries. [*Exit, C. L.*]

LADY P. (*aside*). My husband!

ENID. My father! Oh, let us fly to welcome him!

LADY P. (*to ENID*). Come with me. (*ENID is going to her.*)

LADY G. Enid, your arm. (*to the rest*) We will follow you. (*CAERLEON offers his arm to LADY PENARVON, who turns from him to SIR CARADOC.*)

LADY P. Your hand, Sir Caradoc. [*Exeunt LADY PENARVON, SIR CARADOC, and CAERLEON. L. C. LADY GRIFFYDD stops ENID.*]

LADY G. (*with an imperious gesture to ENID*). Stay!

ENID. Oh, do let me run to meet my father!

LADY G. To see his first greeting given to another—to feel that in this house, where you should be mistress, the chief place is filled by a stranger!

ENID. But, dear grandam, if you but knew how little Lady Penarvon deserves this coldness—

LADY G. Coldness, girl? Say, hatred. But for her I should not have seen thee under the roof tree of Dinas Arvon, disinherited alike of homage and of love; orphaned, doubly orphaned, of thy living father, as of thy dead mother. This is her work, the daughter of the stranger, and I have lived three years, day by day, within the same walls with this alien usurper! Now, child, do you understand why my weary life drags to its end, in gloom and bitterness and hate?

ENID. No, no! (*shuddering*) You love me, I know you do. I—I love you—love you dearly, and yet you make me so unhappy.

LADY G. Silence; they are here!

*Enter LORD and LADY PENARVON and SIR CARADOC, L. C. Stop music.*

LORD P. (*to LADY GRIFFYDD*). *Mille excuses*, my lady, that I should have taken the gloss off my salute. You should have had my first congé and my first compliment.

LADY G. These, my lord, are your daughter's due. What right have I, or any one, to intercept them?

LORD P. (*to LADY PENARVON*). A tap from my lady's fan for both of us; in payment for which I dutifully kiss your ladyship's hand. (*kisses LADY GRIFFYDD'S hand ceremoniously. To ENID, who offers to kiss his hand*) Nay, my Enid, my heart and not my hand for thee! (*takes her in his arms and kisses her.*)

ENID. Dear father! I am so happy to see you once more.

LORD P. (*to SIR CARADOC*). Ah, what says wise Will Shakespeare?

"But when they seldom come they wished for come,

And nothing pleases but rare accidents;"

And I vow I'm the rarest accident at Dinas Arvon. I've been a vile truant.

ENID. No one must say so before me but yourself, my dear lord and most kind father. (*caressing him.*)

LORD P. And to think I have sacrificed years of this to the wanton ogles of Whitehall! If I've not been the veriest ass. (*concealing some emotion*) A little more and I could cuff myself. Come, let me kiss thee instead. (*kisses ENID.*)

SIR C. An outburst of family affection; it may be catching. Let me breathe a little fresh air. (*crosses to C. and up C., as if going.*)

LORD P. Ah, Caradoc, what a heart of gold is here!

LADY G. Her mother's heart, my lord.

LORD P. Yes, her mother's heart—the home of gentleness, indulgence, sweetness. (*LADY PENARVON turns away in pain—he crosses to her*) Such a heart as I have found again here. (*takes his wife's hand.*)

LADY P. (*sadly*). You are at least kind, my lord, to say so.



LORD P. I have a surprise—I hope I may say, an *agreeable* surprise—for you all.

SIR C. Then I had better go. I detest surprises, they are exciting. *(he is going—ENID stops him)*

LORD P. You have all thought—faith, I have given you a right to think—that I could not live away from the Court; but, henceforth, I proclaim myself an altered man. I mean to turn shepherd in earnest, transform my sword into a crook, make the demesne of Dinas Arvon my Arcadia, Lady Penarvon my Thyrsis, if she will take me for her Corydon, *(bowing to her)* and spend the rest of my days in rural innocence, and domestic felicity.

LADY P. *(aside in terror)*. He means to stay!

ENID. Have you always with us? Oh, that *will* be happiness!

SIR C. *(aside)*. My lady does not seem transported.

LORD P. *(to LADY PENARVON, piqued)*. Well, I see it has been a surprise.

LADY P. Pardon me, my lord. I so little expected that you would remain with us—

LORD P. That the pleasure of the prospect is almost painful—

LADY P. Painful! Oh! my lord, can you think—

LORD P. *(in the same tone of irony)*. No, no—I see you're overjoyed; but I have not exhausted my surprises. *(in a low tone to ENID)* Run down to the coach, you'll find an unexpected visitor—quick!

*[ENID runs off, L. C.]*

LADY G. I, at least, can rejoice in this change without reservation. If it be due to my counsels—

LORD P. They must have worked on me of course, though I was not conscious of it. My transformation dates from the accession of His Gracious Majesty, James the Second. I was born when the bright eyes of Castlemaine and Portsmouth were in conjunction. Those stars have set with heartless, graceless, out-at-elbows-kindly, old Rowley. In the Court of his present long-visaged majesty, the confessor has ousted the groom porter, and shallow-faced Jesuits take the place of painted bonarobas. I'm not hypocrite enough for a courtier of the new fashion. Still, do not think I have left Whitehall in disgrace. His Majesty acknowledges the debt he owes to the loyalty of our house, and in return has signified his desire at once to choose a husband for my daughter, to revive an extinct title for her husband, and in failure of issue male continue in her my barony.

LADY G. Your eldest daughter. I presume?

LORD P. Doubtless; you did not think I should pass over Enid for Muriel.

LADY G. This is brave news. I thank Heaven, I have lived to hear it! I can now speak three words I have not spoken for years—I am happy! But when shall we see and know this husband of His Majesty's selection?

LORD P. He is here already. Nay, never look so startled, Caradoc it is not you.

SIR C. Thank His Majesty for that.

LADY P. Here already! *(startled)* Then it must be—

LADY G. At last my child will have her own again.

*Enter CAERLEON, a letter in his hand, L. C.*

CAER. Lord Penarvon, my father informs me here of a plan settled between you and him—

LORD P. Give me leave, Caerleon—directed by the King—



CAER. The King!

LORD P. His Majesty has even deigned to occupy himself with the settlements. Here is a letter under the sign manual; it should interest your ladyship, and you, Caradoc, you are of the family. (LORD PENARVON and SIR CARADOC draw over to LADY GRIFFYDD'S chair, R.)

LADY P. (L. C.). Must I congratulate you, sir, on this good fortune?

CAER. (C.). Congratulate me! This marriage is impossible!

LADY P. Impossible! How?

CAER. I love another! (*she starts*) My fate is in your hands!

LADY P. Hush! We are watched.

LORD P. (*crossing to C., between them*). Now for surprise number three. (*to LADY PENARVON*) You often begged me to allow your daughter—

LADY P. Muriel!

LORD P. To leave the convent at Brussels, where I deemed it my duty to place her. I have brought her back with me—

CAER. (*aside*). Muriel here!

LADY P. My child at last! Oh, with what joy I shall take her to my heart once more! (*pausing suddenly*.)

SIR C. (R.). More family emotions! Egad, this is too much. (*goes up, L.*)

LADY P. Ah, my lord, it is not now you should have given me back my daughter.

LORD P. Not now! What do you mean?

LADY P. (*confused*). I mean that after so long a separation, I shall be to her little better than a stranger.

*Enter ENID and MURIEL, L. C.—SIR CARADOC gets round to L.*

MURIEL. Mother! (*runs to LADY PENARVON'S arms.*)

LADY P. My own Muriel! How tall she has grown, and how beautiful.

MURIEL. If I could tell you how happy it makes me to be with you once more. (*sees CAERLEON*) Ah! (*CAERLEON exchanges a sign with her.*)

LADY G. (*detecting sign*). Acquaintances!

LADY P. My own sweet Muriel! stay—stay so! Let our hearts beat together as of old. (*shuddering, and half repelling her*) No, no! they can never beat so again! Oh, why—why have we been separated so long? (*turns away from her.*)

LORD P. (*aside to SIR CARADOC*). Odds fish, she scarce seems happier to see her daughter than she did to see me.

SIR C. Lady Penarvon is like me; she surpresses her emotions upon system.

LORD P. Foregad, she succeeds perfectly.

CAER. (*aside to MURIEL*). My Muriel, a terrible misfortune threatens us

MURIEL. Misfortune!

CAER. Be firm and wary.

LADY G. (*aside—watching them*). Whispering! (*Welsh shouts heard without.*)

LORD P. What means this howling?

LADY G. (*indignantly*). Howling! (*rises*) Our retainers, who offer you a welcome, warm from their Cymraeg hearts, in the music, of their Cymraeg tongue!

LORD P. Music, you call it! (*shrugging his shoulders*) Tastes differ! (*shouts.*)

*Enter GWYNEDD, L. C.*

GWYN. They *will* come in, my lady.

LADY G. They are welcome! (*to LORD PENARVON*) Are they not?

LORD P. Oh, certainly! (*aside*) My mother-in-law is mistress here, apparently.

*Enter MADOC, L. C., and PEASANTS crowding behind.*

MADOC. The children of Arvon would lay their fealty at the foot of the lord; they have chosen Madoc Goch to speak their wishes. (*shout.*)

LORD P. (*half amused, half astonished at his appearance*). *Que diable?* A cross between wild man of the woods and Welsh goat! (*aloud*) Lead on, my hairy friend, lead on; I'll show myself. I hope the natives won't insist on hugging me. I hate the smell of leeks, and cheese is my horror! Come, my lady. (*offers his hand to LADY PENARVON.*)

[*Exeunt LORD and LADY PENARVON, L. C.—stop music.*]

LADY G. Master Caerleon, your hand to my grand-daughter. (*o MURIEL*) Young lady, your arm! (*MURIEL offers it, LADY GRIFFYDD points to ENID and CAERLEON, who go off, L. C.*) They will make a gracious pair.

MURIEL (*not understanding her*). Please you, madam?

LADY G. You did not know the king had arranged a marriage between that gentleman and my grand-daughter.

MURIEL. Marriage! the king? No, madam. (*aside*) Enid! Enid marry him!

LADY G. (*aside*). She turns pale! If *she* love him, too! (*aloud*) Come, young lady. [*Exit, L. C.*]

SIR C. (*who has let the rest pass out, advances, c*). Decidedly my evil planet is in the ascendant. Three surprises and a fit of Welsh enthusiasm! More emotions in a morning than could be safely crowded into a month. This marriage of Cousin Enids! Why should the news of it quicken my pulse as it did? Marriages may be made in heaven, but they've no business to make them at Court without the consent of the parties. It's cruel! it's wicked! it's abominable! Oh, why did I not go back to my quiet laboratory at Pengwern.

*Enter ENID, L. C.*

ENID (*R. C.*) Ah, Cousin Caradoc, you're the very person I wanted to see! such dreadful tidings! ( *ruefully*) I'm to be married.

SIR C. You know to whom?

ENID (*in the same tone*). Yes; to Master Caerleon, and I don't like it at all no more does he, no more does Lady Penarvon, no more does Muriel—

SIR C. No more do I; but how did you find all this out?

ENID Oh, Cousin Caradoc, this marriage will make nobody happy except my grandam, and it will make I know not how many poor souls miserable!

SIR C. Yes, it will cause a mighty deal of emotion, so before it comes off, methinks I had better go. (*going*)

ENID. What, leaving us when we are all going to be so miserable!

SIR C. Yes; it is because I love my family that I can't bear the sight of their misery, so good-by. (*going.*)

ENID. Your heart is not in those words, coz. I will not have you write yourself down a selfish unfeeling being who loves nobody, and whom nobody could love

SIR C. But that's precisely what I want to arrive at.

ENID. (*putting her arm in his*). You want no one to love you?

SIR C. No one.

ENID. Not even your little Enid, whom you used to dance in your arms, and kiss when she crowed up in your face? But you've forgotten all that.

SIR C. Have I? I used to call you my pretty little Enid.

ENID. No, your good little Enid.

SIR C. No, no—pretty little Enid. You were almost as pretty then as you are now.

ENID. So, then, you *do* think I'm pretty?

SIR C. Pretty? no, beautiful—beautiful! Zounds, what's this? (*dropping her arm*)

ENID. Sure you wouldn't see your good little Enid—your pretty little Enid—forced into marriage with one she doesn't care for? If this match is forced on, I should die.

SIR C. Die! you?

ENID. You would be sorry for that?

SIR C. Sorry! it would break my—(*stops short*) Oh, this is monstrous! I'm on the high tide of emotion.

ENID. You see you cannot resist the impulse of your own kind heart; you deserve to be loved after all.

SIR C. I don't, I tell you, and what's more, I won't.

ENID. You won't! Suppose I said you must.

SIR C. You?

ENID. Do you think you could prevent it?

SIR C. (*hesitating*). Well, I think—that is—

ENID. (*coaxingly*). Could you?

SIR C. No, I don't think I could.

ENID. (*triumphantly*). Ah, ha!

SIR C. (*walking about*). What's this? my pulse galloping a hundred to the minute, my heart beating like a big drum, my whole system turned topsy-turvey! Oh, this is too much; in the very teeth of my theory!

ENID. What, you avoid me in my distress!

SIR C. I don't, cousin—there, tell me, what can I do for you?

ENID. Prevent this marriage; you are the only one to satisfy them all that it is Muriel, and not I, who should be Lady Caerleon.

SIR C. But consider, cousin; I shall have a perfect storm of emotions to encounter.

ENID. You'll face it for your little Enid. (*with playful imperiousness*) Who insists upon it?

SIR C. I will not.

ENID. Who requests you?

SIR C. No

ENID. (*clasping his hands*). Who begs very hard!

SIR C. No—yes—there, I give it up.

ENID. Begin with my father, and when he's conquered, there's only—

SIR C. Only your grandmother. Egad, a charming prospect! I know what it is to swim against a Welsh stream at flood.

ENID. I rely upon you absolutely. (*crosses. L.*) Be firm! Remember it is my happiness that is at stake—your own little Enid's

[*Exit, door L.*

*Enter* LORD PENARVON, L. C.—*he throws himself on ottoman, c.*

LORD P. Faugh! an ounce of civet, good apothecary! These excel-

lent retainers are really overpowering! Foregad, Caradoc, if this were to do every day, even my great purpose in coming here would not sustain me.

SIR C. You mean this marriage of your daughter?

LORD P. Oh, that is settled already! No, no! I have a conquest to make a hundred times more difficult than any ever achieved by the Grand Monarque himself. I, Owen, Lord Penarvon, ex-courtier and triple roué, am come hither resolved to win back my wife's heart.

SIR C. And why not? Lady Penarvon married you for love.

LORD P. The truest love ever woman felt could hardly have survived such neglect as mine; and if it *have* died out, woman's heart is like the soil—it scarce grows the same crop twice.

SIR C. So after wheat the farmer sows clover. You have been the wheat—

LORD P. The tares, rather!

SIR C. (*aside*). And, if I'm not mistaken, the clover's sown already!

LORD P. I've studied the sex from the life; the ashes of a dead love are hard to rekindle.

SIR C. Well, you've yourself to thank!

LORD P. 'Tis too true! I have squandered the spring and summer of my passions among the venal virtues of Whitehall and asked them for love. How dare I offer my wife the autumn and winter of my heart, and ask her for happiness?

SIR C. The request were hardly modest.

LORD P. Yet 'tis the history of most husbands; it will be thine one day.

SIR C. Mine? Never! Before I marry I must love!

LORD P. And who knows but your time for that may come?

SIR C. What? I—I in love? I in that labyrinth of violent delights, and still more violent despair? No! find me a new kind of love, a calm, anodyne, wholesome passion, such as a chemist and anatomist may contemplate without horror, and I've no objection. Till then, I rank love among the most dangerous as it is the most prevalent of epidemics.

LORD P. And yet the world must be peopled; and as a preliminary, people must catch love as they catch the plague.

SIR C. One word touching this marriage of your daughter.

LORD P. Not now? Here comes my mother-in-law to give me an English version of her Welsh harangue. I leave you to the enjoyment of it. (*crosses and exit door, L.*)

*Enter LADY GRIFFYDD, L. C.*

LADY G. (*sits c.*). Sir Caradoc, I would speak with you.

SIR C. (*aside*). Everybody wants to speak to me to-day.

LADY G. I wish you to be the bearer of my will to Lord Penarvon.

SIR C. On what subject, madam?

LADY G. My Enid's marriage.

SIR C. Ah! on that point I had something for your private ear.

LADY G. By-and-by, sir. This marriage will secure for my child the rank she was born to—the happiness she deserves.

SIR C. For the rank I agree with you: but as for the happiness—

LADY G. I say this marriage will secure her happiness.

SIR C. (*resignedly*). As you will, madam, though as we have no proof that the pair love one another—

LADY G. When love does not precede marriage, it follows it.

SIR C. If it comes at all.



LADY G. It will come, sir!

SIR C. I suppose it will, if your ladyship insists on it.

LADY G. It is my desire that this marriage should take place at once; you will tell my lord so; I rely on you implicitly. Go! (*he is going, she calls him back*) Stay, you had something to say of this marriage?

SIR C. Oh, it's of no consequence; probably we should not agree.

LADY G. Then further conversation is useless. Go and execute my orders.

SIR C. I go, madam. (*aside*) Egad, Enid has every reason to be satisfied with her ambassador! [*Exit, L. door.*]

LADY G. (*rises*). Now to announce the happy tidings among the retrainers of the House of Arvon. (*going, c.*)

*Enter LADY PENARVON, C., she salutes LADY GRIFFYDD.*

You will scarcely guess my errand, madam; I go to call down on you and on your lord the blessings of a hundred warm hearts out yorder.

LADY P. On me?

LADY G. Yes, you might have tried to stay my Enid's marriage—your opposition would have been idle, but you have not opposed it, and I thank you. I go to announce the tidings to our retrainers. (*music.*)

LADY P. Already? Oh, madam, is it well so soon to make public—

LADY G. The king's will and ours? (*looking at her malignantly and steadfastly*) I think it well. [*She passes up and off, c.—stop music.*]

LADY P. She has gone to proclaim this marriage. When they know that he refuses, and learn why he sacrifices rank and royal favor—with my lord here, under those cruel eyes that seem to read my very soul, what shall I do! Oh, why did he ever cross my desolate path! What will become of me!

*Enter LORD PENARNON, L. door.*

LORD P. Well met, Eveline! I have been taking a rapid survey of the house and grounds, and a more howling wilderness never cried aloud for improvement. But I gave my orders before I left London, and soon we shall see what miracles can be wrought with Verrio to paint, Gibbons to carve, and all France to make us brave in mercer's stuff.

LADY P. (*surprised*). My lord!—(*recovering herself*) I forgot your design to stay here some time.

LORD P. Nay, my lady, it is for you I would transform this dreary old pile into a bower more fitted for such grace and beauty. *Que diable*, you are still young, when you and Muriel are together you look like her elder sister rather than her mother.

LADY P. Do you think you can make the caged bird happier by gliding its wires

LORD P. You bring me to the point; I own all my coldness, neglect, cruelty, if you will—I will not blink one of my errors—but clemency is above justice—I sue for forgiveness—for oblivion of the past—to the heart that was once mine. Tell me Eveline, shall I sue in vain?

LADY P. My lord to forgive is within our power, to forget comes by favor of Heaven. I forgive you—I can do no more.

LORD P. Nay, Eveline, why should we bid eternal farewell to happiness? I dare not hope for a renewal of that first passion of the young heart which like a fool I misprized and flung away but there is a calmer feeling, which if you would but give me hope, I would try to waken even now. (*she shakes her head*) Oh, do not trample out this hope—do not



strike away last hold on good. Heed not the light words I may have spoken, but now, for once they are the mask of a most serious purpose. Eveline, by all that is sacred, I am an altered man!

LADY P. You bid me forget the past; you talk to me of happiness to come, you speak as if I had known only some weeks or months of misprized love, you forget that I have lived a neglected life for ten years; that my mute appeals have wrung from you no word of repentance or regret; I was alone, always alone, in the presence of the mother of your first wife whose looks spoke ever, "You have stolen the rights of the dead, your daughter has robbed the daughter of her that is no more!" Against her hate when I called to you for support, you came not; when I would have sought strength in the caresses of my child you took her from me; and when the sense of wrong grew too strong for submission, and I poured out my heart in words, I was met by silence, or cold and mocking speech far worse than silence. And now you have come back—it is too late. You would rekindle the love of earlier days; there is no life beneath its ashes! (*sinks on seat under column* L C)

*Enter MURIEL, c., with flowers, which she puts in vase, on table, R*

LORD P. Hard truths and roundly spoken. Your words can add no bitterness to my self reproach! If you will not pardon me for myself, think of our child let her innocence be a bond between us still! She is here (*LADY PENARVON makes no sign*) Still cold and impassive? No love for the husband—no love for the daughter! Well, it is my work; the curse comes home!

[*Exit, door L.*]

(*MURIEL looks with astonishment at her, then crosses to her and takes her hand*)

MURIEL. Mother, you are unhappy; nay, do not try to hide it from me. How can I trust you with my sorrows if you will not trust me with your own?

LADY P. (*looking in her face*). Your sorrows? Yes—her eyes are red with tears—speak darling; confide in me.

MURIEL. Oh if I only dared tell you all.

LADY P. (*raising MURIEL'S head*). Muriel, look in my face: (*MURIEL looks confused*) You love?

MURIEL (*in a low voice*). Yes! (*kneels to her mother.*)

LADY P. And you are afraid to confess it to me? My poor child! Hide your face against my heart—you can speak now. Tell me, how came about your love?

MURIEL. In the convent. His sister was my bosom friend. I used to accompany her to the parlor when he came.

LADY P. He is of good family? (*MURIEL nods*) Do I know him?

MURIEL. Oh yes, very well, he is here.

LADY P. Here—it is not Caer—(*she pauses.*)

MURIEL. Yes it is—Caerleon

LADY P. Caerleon? No it cannot be; or was this long ago? He has been here these three months, Muriel: Time enough to forget a boyish passion

MURIEL. Oh, no! not a week of those two months but he has written to his sister, and his letters were full of me—of his love.

LADY P. Is it possible?

MURIEL. It was at my suggestion he came hither. His father is a merchant. When he spoke of marriage I feared you and my lord might think his rank too mean. I told him how good and kind you were; how I knew that you would think only of my happiness in mar-

riage. Besides, I was sure when you knew him that you would love him too.

LADY P. No more—no more! (*rises and goes to C., MURIEL crosses behind her and goes down on her R.*)

MURIEL. And I was right: he has told me so. Oh, if I could show you the letter he wrote to me after he had saved your life. If I had not loved him before I must have loved him after that, you know.

LADY P. Then when he came hither——

MURIEL. It was to be near my mother.

LADY P. His gentle and ever watchful kindness, his readiness to anticipate my lightest wishes——

MURIEL. Were all to win my mother!

LADY P. And when he seemed to rejoice in risking even his life to save me, it was because I was your mother?

MURIEL. Oh yes, yes!

LADY P. Blind, infatuated, that I have been—(*crosses to R.—turns from MURIEL to conceal her emotion.*)

MURIEL. Have I done very wrong?

LADY P. Wrong! Kiss me, Muriel. There—I am strong now. One question; consult your heart very earnestly before you answer. Are you sure you love him—really, deeply, truly?

MURIEL. With all my soul! Just now, when that stern woman told me that by the King's will and my lord's he was to marry Enid, I thought my heart would break. I could not bear it. I come to you to save us!

LADY P. Muriel, I will!

MURIEL. I knew you would, my good, kind mother!

LADY P. Good—kind! *you* call me so! (*aside*) Oh, if she only knew how much I owe to *her*—but now I can repay that debt, and prove how far a mother's love can go. Muriel, my child, come to my arms! They shall shelter thine innocent love, and who shall dare to violate this sanctuary? (*embracing her.*)

*Enter LORD PENARVON and SIR CARADOC, door L.*

LORD P. (*to SIR CARADOC*). You see the daughter is more fortunate than the husband.

SIR C. (*to LORD PENARVON*). Courage! and whatever you do, don't give way to your feelings.

LORD P. I am come, madam, to bid you farewell.

LADY P. Not so, my lord. Forget my bitter words just now. I have reflected—you must not go. I have forgiven the past; let us both forget it.

SIR C. More emotion! Was there ever such a family?

LORD P. (*taking her in his arms*). My own once more! When I read in thy young face the marks of sorrow, I will remember the past but to atone for it. (*pointing to MURIEL*) It is she who has pleaded my cause?

LADY P. We both owe her much—who knows how much! In return you will not refuse to secure her happiness.

LORD P. Her happiness? As far as depends on me I *will* secure it, on the honor of Penarvon!

*Music—Enter LADY GRIFFYDD and ENID, C.*

SIR C. Your mother-in-law,

LADY P. In good time. (*to SIR C.*) Will you bring Master Caerleon hither?

ENID (*aside to SIR C.*). But come back quick.

[*Exit SIR CARADOC, L. 2 E.*]

LADY P. A marriage has been arranged between Master Caerleon and Enid.

LADY G. By will of the King himself, madam.

LADY P. Enid does not love Master Caerleon.

LADY G. (*significantly to her*). And yet he is a man easy to love.

LADY P. (*to ENID*). Is it not so?

ENID. It is most true.

LADY P. More; in spite of all Enid's claims to be loved, he does not love her.

LADY G. Are love-marriages the happiest? Methinks, madam, you and I know of some such that have prospered but sadly. What say you, my lord?

LADY P. Oh, madam, think what marriage is with love. Do not ask me to retrace the memory of the last ten years to tell you what marriage is without it.

LADY G. How come *you* so careful of her happiness?

*Enter CAERLEON and SIR CARADOC, L.—CAERLEON down on R. of ENID.*

CAER. (*to LADY PENARVON*). I attend your summons.

LADY G. We have news for you. This marriage spite of the royal will, must not be; so says my lady there, for that Enid does not yet love you. A potent reason, truly.

LADY P. Not only so, but that he loves another.

LADY G. Another! Whom?

LADY P. My daughter. (*to CAERLEON*) Speak, sir—is not this true?

CAER. I avow it—with pride avow it; and all the more gladly because I know that this lady (*pointing to ENID*) would hold a union with me as a great misfortune. (*Music till end of Act.*)

ENID. Oh, yes, yes.

*Enter MADOC and GWYNNEDD, C.*

LADY G. Now I can read this care for my grandchild's happiness; it is to sacrifice my granddaughter to her child!

LORD P. (*crosses to LADY G.*) Have a care, madam; your every word against her is an insult to me. The King would reward the loyalty of our house by ennobling my daughter through marriage; but perish the rank that is bought with a daughter's happiness.

LADY G. (*in concentrated rage*). Beware, my lord, beware—

LORD P. (*interrupting her*). You would offer three hearts on the altar of your insatiable pride. It shall not be.

LADY G. If you have no love for the living, by the memory of the dead—

LORD P. Master Caerleon to-morrow you will ride to London to pray his Majesty's consent to your marriage with Muriel.

ENID and MURIEL. Oh, thanks, thanks! (*MURIEL crosses to LORD PENARVON.*)

CAER. No words can speak my gratitude, Lord Penarvon. My Muriel, I love thee more, if that can be, now that I feel I owe thee to thy mother.

LADY G. (*after a fearful inner struggle*). And have I lived till now to see (*struggling for utterance*) the daughter of the dead sacrificed to her

child? Never—I—ah, death—come—come!—(*sinks back speechless on ottoman, c*—ENID and MURIEL scream.)

LADY P. Dead—oh, horror

LORD P. Silence all. Look to her.

SIR C. (*on her L.*). She breathes still—she opens her eyes.

MURIEL (*kneeling on her R.*). It is I who have done this. Forgive me.

ENID (*kneeling on her L.*). Forgive us both—she cannot speak—your hand in token of forgiveness! (*LADY GRIFFYDD tries in vain to speak*)

MADOC (*aside, to GWYNNEDD*). They have killed her amongst them. Blood for blood!

		MADOC.*	GWYNNEDD.
CAERLEON.*		SIR CARADOC.*	*
	LADY GRIFFYDD.		
MURIEL.	*	ENID.	*
LORD PENARVON.	*		

LADY PENARVON.\*

R

L

CURTAIN.

## ACT II.

SCENE.—LADY PENARVON'S *With-drawing Room*; in 4th grooves.

LADY GRIFFYDD discovered asleep in her great chair, L.—GWYNNEDD in attendance—MADOC at R. C. door.

MADOC (*in an undertone*). The lady!

GWYN. (*with her fingers on her lips*). Speak low, uncle; she sleeps!

MAD. (*coming down and looking about him*). How comes she in this room? 'Tis the stranger's!

GWYN. Sir Caradoc wished the lady removed awhile to this side of the castle. She bade us wheel her chair into this chamber.

MAD. Strange! (*taking simples from wallet*) See what I have brought from the mountain for her good.

GWYN. Sir Caradoc has directed she's to take naught but what he prescribes.

MAD. He—the unbeliever! The curse of Mordred the traitor on them that brought our lady to this!

GWYN. Have you noted how changed Mistress Muriel is of late, uncle?

MAD. Ha!

GWYN. She grows paler and paler every day.

MAD. I looked for it. It works! it works!

GWYN. They say you have cast a spell on her, uncle. (*LADY GRIFFYDD wakes.*)

MAD. Let them say—let them say. White witchcraft against black!

LADY G. Peace, Madoc Goch, with you silly babble of spells and witchcraft. They work on Enid's heart by no worse spell than her own nobleness. What is done, is done.

MAD. I cannot pardon, like my lady. Evil for evil is the rule of Madoc Goch. Spells! what but spells should the stranger be devising, ever at nights, when the evil spirits have power? I have seen her at her work



here. I know where she hides those accursed papers; I could put them into my lady's hand.

LADY G. (*aside*). Her confessions! Her husband still trusts her in spite of my hints—these papers might, if I had them—Madoc Goch! (*significantly, aside*) Oh, to be within arm's length of her secret thoughts! I long for this.

MAD. (*goes to secretaire and tries it*). Locked! It is full of her writings.

LADY G. Enough of them and her; I would sleep. (*leans back in chair*)

MAD. (*to himself*). I see she longs to have them—she shall.

GWYN. (*to MADOC*). Hush! (*pointing to LADY GRIFFYDD, who has closed her eyes.*)

MAD. (*feeling about the locks of the secretaire*). There is virtue n moonwort, I have it about me. (*he takes the moonwort from his pouch, and gathers leaves from it, disposes them under bureau, and about the locks of the drawers—he chaunts in a low voice and measured rhythm—*)

“By the evil and the good,  
By the rod and by the rood,  
Locks, I sign you, (*makes sign of cross*) and there to  
Midnight-gathered moonwort stew;  
Gabriel, Samuel, Raphael, call  
Open one and open all!

Leave that to work awhile!

GWYN. (*watches in terror*). I'm so thankful it's all over, and he hasn't come.

MAD. As the lady cannot look to her own, we must. Have you prepared all I bid you?

GWYN. Yes, (*trembling*) uncle.

MAD. Bring it to me, to-night, at the Galanas Oak.

GWYN. The oak of blood!—oh dear!—y-e-s, uncle.

MAD. If you fail me, have a care. (*grasping her arm*) Girl, you hate them still?

GWYN. As bad as ever, uncle. (*still in terror.*)

MAD. You will not pardon?

GWYN. Never, uncle.

MAD. Good child! (*lays his hand on her head*) A blessing go along with thee.

*Enter SIR CARADOC, door R. C.*

SIR C. Ah, Gwynnedd! how fares my lady?

GWYN. As she was yesterday—she sleeps.

LADY G. No, I am awake, Sir Caradoc.

SIR C. (*seating himself near her*). I am come to inquire after you.

LADY G. You may spare your pains. You know, if your boasted science he aught, that this paralysis, which has already killed all life in my limbs, will soon reach heart or brain; your skill cannot arrest it.

SIR C. Yet a fortnight ago I thought you on the way to recovery.

LADY G. Delusion—delusion! I shall never stir again.

SIR C. Nay, our art has means—

LADY G. So has Madoc's here—as he tells me. He'd fain have me try his medicines against yours.

MAD. (*angrily—down R*) I would not change my roots and words, look you, for all his books and chemicals. They have killed in him all true faith of Cymraeg and Christian man.

SIR C. Heyday!



MAD. (*still more angry*). Would any Christian man have murdered my poor Bran?

SIR C. Why, considering that your poor Bran wanted to murder me——

MAD. You had no pity—you killed him like——

SIR C. Like a dog, I confess

MAD. It was an ill deed, Sir Caradoc ap Ithel—look you—an accursed deed! and of evil, evil comes! (*menacingly*.)

LADY G. Madoc Goch, you forget yourself!

SIR C. Let him be, good aunt, he amuses me.

LADY G. Leave the room, sirrah!

MAD. I go, my lady, I go! (*muttering*) but we shall see what Madoc Goch can do for their good that he loves—for their ill that he hates.

*He withdraws towards door, R. C.—pauses, as enter MURIEL and ENID, hand in hand—MURIEL looks paler than in Act I., and has flowers in her hand*

ENID. Give her the flowers yourself.

LADY G. Who's there?

ENID. Only us, grandam.

LADY G. Enid?

MAD. (*aside to GWYNEDD*). Dost mark how changed she is?

LADY G. (*fixedly examining MURIEL as she takes her flowers*). You have gathered them too soon, young lady; a few days more and you might have laid them on a coffin.

ENID. Grandam!

MUR. On a coffin! (*puts her hand to her heart*) Oh! madam, don't talk of death—I cannot bear it. (*faintly*.)

ENID. What is the matter, Muriel?

SIR C. She is fainting—support her! (*aside*) Again. (*ENID catches her in her arms*.)

MAD. (*aside to GWYNEDD*). The hand of fate has touched her. It works! it works! [*Exit MADOC and GWYNEDD, R. C.—MURIEL revives.*]

SIR C. How fares it with you now?

MUR. One of those strange sensations again; it has passed! Mind, not a word to my mother. I should have told no one but you, Sir Caradoc, but for this sudden attack, when she spoke of strewing flowers on a coffin.

LADY G. It was of my own coffin I was thinking, not of thine, little one. Thou art too happy for death.

ENID. I will not have you talk of such ghastly things, grandam! As for Muriel, I will attend her like her shadow, till Master Caerleon returns, and then she will not need me to keep away dark thoughts.

MUR. Oh! madam, if you would but see my mother, she has so wished to ask your forgiveness for her share in your sufferings.

LADY G. I see Lady Penarvon!—never!

ENID (*imploringly*). Yes, grandam, for my sake.

LADY G. Well, (*looking at her tenderly*) I will see her by-and-by.

ENID (*caressingly*). No, not by-and-by; soon, very soon.

LADY G. Be it so—soon.

ENID. At once. (*shakes her head*) I would love you so, if you would at once, granny.

LADY G. Tyrant! Well, if it must be so. (*to MURIEL*) I will see your mother, now.

MUR. (*rises*). Oh! thanks, thanks. I will run and tell her (*she is starting hurriedly, R. 1 E., stops suddenly, and presses her hand to her heart*.)

ENID. Muriel!

MUR. (*forcing a smile*). Nothing; I was about to run, and that pain—(*drawing a long breath*) I'm well again now, quite well!

[*Exit MURIEL, R. 1 E.*]

SIR C. (*aside*). The very symptoms Ramsay has described in his book. (*crosses to R. C.*)

ENID (*coming down to LADY GRIFFYDD on her R.*). Granny, you've behaved beautifully, and you shall have a kiss, for being a dear good obedient granny. (*kisses her.*)

SIR C. Zounds, she is the good spirit of the house.

ENID. Who? Muriel?

SIR C. No; you!

ENID. Take care, you are getting into a fluster, cousin.

SIR C. I was forgetting myself. (*very calmly*) If ever there was an angel in flesh and blood, Enid is that angel.

LADY G. Yet this angel you have seen renounced for that green girl who has just left us. She will be rich, titled, happy, while my Enid must wither here, unwooed, unloved, unwed.

ENID. I will not be made a victim of, grandam. I made no sacrifice; I escaped one. Better an old maid any day than an unloved wife.

SIR C. No matter. The prospect would have dazzled most of your sex. (*passionately*) But you are as superior to the rest of womankind as—

ENID. Have a care, cousin, you are forgetting yourself again.

SIR C. That's true, egad! Well and what then? Suppose 'tis my humor to forget myself; suppose I am sick of living like a vegetable or a polypus; suppose I'm resolved to cherish all that is good, admire all that is admirable, adore all that is beautiful, who shall prevent me?

ENID. Why, not I for one?

SIR C. I tell you you are the best, kindest, most generous soul that Heaven ever enshrined in the case of a woman. True nobility may concern itself about merit, beauty, or blood in a wife, but it can never stoop to weigh money bags. It ranks heart above fortune; and for heart my cousin Enid is the best-portioned lady within the four seas. That is my opinion, and let who will say me nay.

ENID. (*after a pause, suppressing real emotion*) Cousin Caradoc, when I am married, you shall be best man.

SIR C. I will! that is to say, I won't be anything of the kind. Ask somebody else.

ENID. Lady Penarvon's step. You will be gentle to her!

LADY G. I am resigned. Ask no more.

*Enter LADY PENARVON and MURIEL, R. 1 E.*

LADY P. I would not come without permission, lest the sight of me should revive the memory of a day very terrible to you—to all of us.

LADY G. My grandchild's sacrifice is consummated, madam; I am not afraid to look back upon the past; may you be as able to retrace it, should you ever be as I am now.

LADY P. I know you think I prevented Enid's marriage from selfish ambition for my Muriel. I have ever wished your Enid, and all that care for her, well—but I never proved it so truly as when I stepped between her and a marriage unblessed by love. Oh, believe me, I speak from my heart, and solemnly, as to one on the further shore of life.

LADY G. You have spoken, and I have listened.

LADY P. But you do not believe?

LADY G. Faith is not in our power.

LADY P. But justice is, and fair and charitable judgment. It is for these I implore you; you who may soon yourself have need of them. Let our weary night of hatred and distrust end now—now, when my husband and child are restored to me; when, for you, all this world's hates and cares should be dwindling into nothingness on the verge of the great shadow and the everlasting silence.

LADY G. You speak well, Lady Penarvon. Keep your eloquence for your lord—one day you may need it all.

LADY P. I do not understand you. (*music.*)

MUR. (*speaking with an effort—down, c.*) Oh, madam, let me join my prayer to my mother's—(*starts—scream*) Ah!

LADY P. Muriel, what is the matter?

MUR. This pain here, I cannot bear it! (*pressing hand on her breast.*)

SIR C. Don't be alarmed—it will pass soon.

MUR. My throat burns. I can-n—I cannot breathe. (*writhing*) I will not die. Mother, I am too young to die.

LADY P. Die! my Muriel. Oh! what words are these!

SIR C. Leave her to me. (*to them*) Support her to her chamber. (*crosses and opens door, R.—ENID and LADY PENARVON support her off, door R.—stop music.*)

LADY G. (*calls*). Gwynnedd!

*Enter GWYNNEDD, R. U. E.*

Bid Lord Penarvon hither at once. [*Exit GWYNNEDD, R. U. E.*  
Smooth-tongued serpent—she dared to remind me of the judgment of Heaven! How will she meet the questioning of her husband?

*Enter LORD PENARVON, R. U. E.*

LORD P. I congratulate you, madam, on the restoration that allows us to gather once more round your chair; congratulate me on a restoration not less happy—that of my wife's heart to me—of mine to her.

LADY G. Before I congratulate I must be assured I have cause! Can you so assure me?

LORD P. I can, if there be faith in woman's looks, words, or actions. (*sits, c.*)

LADY G. You have not been wont to trust these too far.

LORD P. At Rome as at Rome. There is a country as well as a court measure of ladies. I have weighed my Eveline by country weight and she pulls the scale.

LADY P. Happy husband!

LORD P. Besides—*que diable!*—even husbands must be just. It was I who flung away her heart—hers was ever true to me.

LADY G. You think so, even through these ten years of abandonment?

LORD P. Even had she been disposed to retaliate, were you not here for her duenna? Flattery apart, a more formidable or watchful one would have been hard to find.

LADY G. I have done my duty—do you do yours.

LORD P. If you will show me the way: I am in the dutiful mood.

LADY G. Had not Heaven stricken me into silence on *that* day, I had spoken then what now it seems late to speak. For three months before your return, Caerleon had been the close and constant visitor, almost the inmate, of Dinas Arvon.

LORD P. Faith, I do not wonder my lady was glad of his company, for, to tell the truth, ten years' tête-à-tête with your ladyship must have

been dull at times. Master Caerleon was here as the lover of my daughter.

LADY G. Not so ! he was here as the lover of your wife !

LORD P. (*springing to his feet*). Lady Griffydd !

LADY G. I have watched Lady Penarvon with an eye sharpened not by love, but by distrust of her honor, and regard for yours.

LORD P. (*recovering himself*). Distrust is an unsafe witness. I must have proofs.

LADY G. How convey to you the strong proof that lies in looks, tones, blushes—in his devotion to her—even to the risking of life itself ; nay—for even she is not all abandoned—in her remorse.

LORD P. Words—words ! If you noted all this how came it you never told me ?

LADY G. I waited for proof—damning proof !

LORD P. Then you admit you had nothing but suspicion ? And then, if this were true, how came Lady Penarvon so urgent for Caerleon's marriage with Muriel ?

LADY G. That marriage has not yet taken place—may never take place ! Muriel is young ; she may change her mind—may even die ! (*looks fixely at him*)

LORD P. Die ! *Allons donc !* (*contemptuously.*)

LADY G. The young may die as well the aged. Meanwhile, the mere project has given Caerleon a footing here of closest privacy with your wife. Desperate women have caught at wilder plans to keep their lovers near them.

LORD P. Were she contriving against my honor, would she have chosen this moment for reconciliation !

LADY G. If she wished to blind you could she have chosen a better ? Written proof I have none ; but it is not far off—your cabinet is the hiding place of her confessions. (*music*) Till they are in your hands, think over what I have said. Now let me rest, I am weary. Gwynnedd ! (*calls.*)

*Enter GWYNNEDD, R. U. E.*

To my chamber—I cannot breathe here !

[GWYNNEDD *wheels* LADY GRIFFYDD *off*, L. 1 E.]

LORD P. (*seated R. of small table, L. C.*). True ! she seemed strangely startled at my return, and her reception of Muriel was forced and unnatural ! But had I given her cause to welcome my coming ? She had womanly reason to wish her unhappiness a secret from her child. Then her eagerness for this marriage ! To accept my mother-in-law's explanation of it, were to brand my wife a worse wanton than any. (*rises*) No, I will not listen to the whispers of that woman's bitter jealousy. (*pausing opposite cabinet*) Is this the cabinet ? (*tries it*) Locked ! Shall I ask my wife for the key—or dispense with it. 'Twere soon forced. (*pause*) Penarvon, is this your faith in the woman you have wronged, by whom you have been forgiven ? No, Eveline, I will not outrage thee, even by a doubt. I will root this monstrous calumny from my memory. (*changing tone*) Yet I know too well what women are. Ah, there is the curse of a life like mine ! I cannot trust even when honor and happiness alike hang upon my trusting.

*Enter ENID, hurriedly, R. 1 E.—going, R. U. E.*

Enid, whither away so fast ?

ENID. To Sir Caradoc's study, for en essence ; 'tis for Muriel.

LORD P. For Muriel ! what ails her ?



ENID. She is ill ; very ill, father.

LORD P. Very ill—where is she ?

ENID. In her chamber. Sir Caradoc and Eveline are with her.

[*Exit, R. U. E.*

LORD P. Then she is in good hands. Strange ! she that seemed but now in the high tide of youth and strength. I must see her at once.

[*Exit LORD PENARVON, R. I E.*

MADOC *shows* is head at window, L.

MAD. What if they shut the doors on me ? There are windows. The lady shall have those papers, if the plant and the words have done their work. Hark, some one comes ! I can bide my time.

[*Enter SIR CARADOC, R. I E.—MADOC disappears*

SIR C. The crisis is over, and she sleeps ! (*throws himself into a chair, L. C.*) Pheugh ! I came hither to seek repose, and I've lived in boiling water ever since. I hate to see people suffer ; but I cannot run away from their bedsides either. I *must* cure her ; I *will* cure her ; but how—I see the effects, but I cannot dive into the cause, or rather I dread to discover it. If my suspicions should prove well founded—No, no—it would be too horrible. Yet the albumen draught acted ; 'twas Ramsay's re-agent. His book exactly describes the symptoms as those of—

[*Enter LADY PENARVON, R. I E.—SIR C. rises.*

LADY P. (R). She still sleeps ; my lord is watching by her. He asked for you. What do you think of her ?

SIR C. Let her sleep awhile ; when she wakes, we shall see.

LADY P. Oh ! speak to me fully and freely. I have courage to face the worst. Do you fear for her life ?

SIR C. For the present she is out of danger (*crosses to R.*) I will go back to Penarvon. Fear nothing—I will answer for Muriel.

[*Exit, R. I E.—music.*

LADY P. My poor Muriel ! What have I done to be thus punished in my child ? (*she seats herself in front of the fire-place*) I have had a terrible season of infatuation, but at the revelation of her innocent love, I stopped on the brink of the abyss. I have stamped out the last sparks of my evil passion ; (*her eye falls on the cabinet, she starts*) but its witness is still there, the records of my guilt ; for *was* guilty, whatever might have been my wrongs. In the agitation of the last few months, I had forgotten them ; let me destroy them, that no trace remain to remind me how low I had fallen. (*opens drawers, takes out MS. diary, and examines it*) Could it have been my mind that thought these thoughts—my hand that wrote them. (*reads*) "Struggle, constant struggle—I can resist no longer—I love him with all the passion of a thirsty heart, he has never avowed his love, yet I feel that if he loved another, that love must be death for me or my rival." Oh, shame and horror ! (*drops paper, and buries her face in her hands.*)

ENID (*without R. I E.*) Eveline.

LADY P. Enid's voice ! (*replaces MS. hastily in drawer, C., and closes secretaire without locking it—stop music.*)

[*Enter ENID R. I E.*

ENID. Muriel is awake, and asks for you.

[*Exit, R. I E.*



LADY P. Poor child! Heaven grant that she may be out of pain.  
[Exit, R. 1 E.]

MADOC appears cautiously at window, L.

MAD. The room is empty. (*music, four bars*) They are all with the sick maiden. (*leaps into the room, and goes straight to the secretaire and opens it*) I knew the word and the words would not fail. (*takes MS. from drawer*) Let me sign them, that their devilry may not harm me or the lady. (*makes signs of cross on them*) Mine at last! My lady will be glad of these. (*puts them under his jerkin*) Let me make sure I have all. (*rummages drawers.*)

Enter LORD PENARVON, with letter, R. 1 E.

LORD P. This illness of Muriel's disquiets me. Caradoc suggests consultation with one Dr. Ramsay, of great experience, he says, in such cases. I have written to him to relieve Eveline's fears—and now to seal my letter. (*turns, sees MADOC*) A robber! What make you here, rascal? (*seizes him.*)

MAD. My lord, 'tis I—your shepherd, Madoc Goch! (*stop music.*)

LORD P. And what do you here at my lady's bureau? Confess, thief!

MAD. Thief! One that for sixty years has guarded the lord's sheep on the hill and his kine in the strath, and never took hoof nor hide, fleece nor flesh, measure of milk nor lock of wool—to be called thief out of his lord's own mouth! 'Tis hard to bear, look you, hard to bear.

LORD P. Clap a bridle on thy Welsh tongue! How cam'st thou in here? Answer, if thou'd'st not have thy bones shaken out of thy frouzy goatskins. (*shakes him, the MS. falls*) Ha! what's here?

MAD. What I came hither for, my lord.

LORD P. Papers? What wouldst thou with them?

MAD. Show them to the Lady of Porth Vennon.

LORD P. My mother-in-law! She bade thee get them?

MAD. Madoc bides not bidding: enough for me she wished for them.

LORD P. Hence! let me not see thy sheep's face again! The Lord of Dinas Arvon has still privilege of brand and pillory.

MAD. I go. (*turns*) May the Blessed Virgin and Saints watch over my lord in this world and the next. But my lord will let my lady see these papers?

LORD P. Hence, varlet! (*he dismisses him with a threatening gesture, R. U E*) I hold in my hand what she called the proofs of wrong. I will not read them! Yet the test of my faith in Eveline were in reading. I will read fearlessly. (*turns over leaves, reading cursorily*) As I expected, the records of her lonely hours—gentle upbraidings of me, too well deserved, poor child—longings for her daughter—returns upon the past—on the memory of our love. Oh, how heavy a debt I owe her! The record grows fuller; love—love—her slighted love for me, of course—not—not for me, for another! What's here? (*reads*) "I feel that friendship is turning to fondness, that I love this man!" Whom? "I love him with all the passion of a thirsty heart; I feel that if he loved another, that love must be death for me or for my rival." Oh, shameless! (*turning pages over rapidly*) His name, that I may seek him out, sword in hand. (*fixing the name after following the MS. line by line for some time*) Ha! It is as she said—Caerleon! Oh, miserable woman! Rival of her own child. Malediction! but I lose time—for her first, and then for him. (*going—is arrested by the entrance of SIR CARADOC, R. 1 E.*)

SIR C. I have just left Muriel.

LORD P. Well, she is not worse?

SIR C. No; but I am satisfied I now hold the clue to the cause of her distemper.

LORD P. The cause, that is half the cure. What is it?

SIR C. (*looks round cautiously*) It is——

LORD P. (*impatiently*). Speak out man! it is——

SIR C. (*half whispering*). Poison!

LORD P. Poison! (*horror struck—stop music*)

SIR C. Arsenic administered in small and repeated doses. I think I have baffled the attempts made hitherto, but to guard against their renewal we must discover the hand that aims the blow.

LORD P. This is horrible! horrible to know that death lurks near, yet not know where to confront him! Do you suspect any one?

SIR C. Do you? (LORD P. *shakes his head*) Poison is the weapon of the weak. If Muriel were not here, in the midst of her own family, I should say there was some woman here who hated her.

LORD P. A woman who hates! Lady Griffydd?

SIR C. Impossible! She is chained to her chair, motionless of hand or foot.

LORD P. A woman who hates, ha! (*suddenly turning to paper*) "That love would be death for me or for my rival!" No, no! it cannot be! Earth does not breed such monsters!

SIR C. Of whom speak you?

LORD P. Of whom?—I know not—I am going mad—Muriel the victim, and the murderess——

SIR C. Collect yourself—speak—whom do you suspect?

LORD P. No. She may have forgotten her duty, violated her marriage vows, been treacherous, false, abandoned—but, to strike at a daughter's life——

SIR C. A daughter's—then it is——

*Enter LADY PENARVON, R. 1 E.*

LORD P. Silence man—she is here. (*crosses R. C*)

SIR C. (*aside, L. C., with horror in his tone*). He suspects *his wife*.

LADY P. I am so thankful, Owen—dear Muriel seems almost herself again. How our fears exaggerate, love—(*sees drawer unlocked, and hastily locks it.*)

LORD P. That face—that voice! It cannot be. (*to SIR CARADOC*) Leave me alone with her, and, on your life, not a word to any living soul.

SIR CARADOC *puts his finger to his lips, and exits, L. 1 E.*

LADY P. I feel so light of heart, at her rapid recovery. (*comes down*) But, what is the matter, Owen? You are pale—nay, I must not have you sickening too, though I should love to nurse you. Why do you look at me so? (*music till the end of Act*)

LORD P. (*holding out papers*). Let these answer.

LADY P. Ha! (*hides her face in her hands.*)

LORD P. (*with deep emotion*). Why do you hide your face? Is it that shame strikes you dumb—or, do you fear I should read remorse in your eyes.

LADY P. (*throws herself at his feet*). Pity, Owen, pity! You can never condemn me more sternly than I have condemned myself.

LORD P. 'Fore heaven, she owns her guilt. Oh, for the sake of nature—of my faith in man and heaven—call to your aid hypocrisy, falsehood,

perjury—anything that will let in on my soul one merciful ray of doubt. I cannot face the hideous truth. (*turns away*.)

LADY P. No; I will not try to stifle the accusing voice of my own conscience. Even if *you* were generous enough to forgive and to forget—can I forget? Can I forgive myself?

LORD P. Forgive—forget a crime like this! Woman, were you on your death-bed, and prayed to me for forgiveness, you would pray in vain.

LADY P. I know that pity for the guilty is not a right, it is a mercy—for that mercy I kneel to you—my husband.

LORD P. No mercy for her who has forgotten the sacred duties of wife and mother.

LADY P. The duties of wife I may have forgotten, but how have I failed in those of mother?

LORD P. How!—she asks how? (*impressively, and stooping over her*) But, Muriel is saved, a few drops more, and there had been no avail even in repentance—the poison had done its worst.

LADY P. (*rising as if half bewildered*). Poison? My daughter poisoned And you speak to me of crime—to me, as if—(*she pauses—starts back*) I cannot think! No pity for the wife—it is your right; but no pity for the mother, you said—oh! (*with a shriek*) then it was me that you suspected! No, no, you could not—say you did not.

LORD P. Your own words—(*shows her the paper*) “Death for me or my rival.”

LADY P. Oh, this is horrible. What devil has poisoned your heart—has whispered in your ear—the woman, against whom, for ten years of neglect and abandonment, calumny itself has breathed no taint—this woman is the murderer of her child.

LORD P. Calumny! And the confession in those papers

LADY P. Yes, I am guilty in my own eyes, but I should be innocent in yours. You wearied of my love; you took from me my child, and left me for years in worse than solitude. Suddenly, my prison was cheered by a voice of interest and sympathy, my heart yearned to kindness, as a plant that is stifling in the darkness reaches out towards the sun; gratitude ripened fast into regard; friendship, aye, love; I have done bitter penance for my guilty dream. But you, my lord, have no right to condemn the wife, and you shall not outrage the mother.

LORD P. But these pages under your own hand, in which your passion utters itself in a threat of death to your rival?

LADY P. Read them to the end. (*snatching the MS*) Here is recorded the day of your return. Look here, and here; on this page the desperation of a defiant, guilty woman; on this, the penitent's remorse; (*turning some pages further on*) and here, read here, my lord! (*points to paper*.)

LORD P. (*reads*). “The wife and mother triumphant over her guilty passion, restored to peace within herself, to her daughter's, her husband's love!—” Eveline, to my heart! (*embracing her*) Again I have done you grievous wrong, once more I ask your forgiveness. From this time we have a common task, to guard our child!

LADY P. Be it your part to find out the murderer. But for my daughter, I will share with none, not even with my husband, the duty of watching over her. Henceforth my place, by night and day, is at her bedside. (*crosses, R.*) Her life is mine! I answer for it before Heaven.

## ACT III.

SCENE.—MURIEL'S Chamber in 4th grooves.

*Enter ENID and SIR CARADOC, R. 1 E.*

ENID. And this consultation with the famous Dr. Ramsay has but confirmed your suspicions.

SIR C. I was but too well assured already. In spite of Lady Penarvon's precautions, the attempts have changed their character, but they have never ceased. This draught (*crosses to table, L.*) was taken last night from Muriel's bedside. I have tested it; it is poisoned.

ENID. Is it possible!

SIR C. Oh, if you knew the war I have been waging against death. The poison is administered grain by grain; I follow it as a sleuth-hound follows blood, till I detect it, drag it to light, baffle it to-day, but to see it rear its head again to-morrow, more deadly than before. There are moments when I could accuse my science of vanity, my wits of impotence. I feel that if she die my despair will be almost like remorse. (*he sobs, and hides face, sinking on couch, L.*)

ENID. She shall not die! Cousin, friend, do not accurse yourself; have you not been our hope, our comforter?

SIR C. (*waving her away*). Don't—don't; I am past flattery, even in your sweet voice.

ENID (R.). This time of misery has revealed the heart you tried to hide; in spite of your horror of emotion see if you are not crying as naturally as I do.

SIR C. Oh, my tears count for nothing. I've dammed 'em up so long, that when I do raise the sluices they can't help running freely.

ENID. Cousin, why be ashamed of being a man?

SIR C. You are right! It is not a thing to be ashamed of, I feel I am a man; (*springing up*) and the best proof of it—

ENID. Is in these tears!

SIR C. No, it is in this kiss! (*kisses her*) Yes, Enid, (*with vast impetuosity*) I love you! I have long loved you! I would marry you! I will marry you!

ENID. And am I to have no say in the matter?

SIR C. Yes, say you will be mine! But whether you say so or not, mine you are, and mine you shall be—mine for ever!

ENID. Ah, cousin, you've been damming up something else besides your tears! (*gives her hand, he kisses it passionately*)

SIR C. No, this! (*he kisses her lips.*)

ENID. Have done, sir! This bottled love is very strong; it has got into your head! Here comes Muriel with Master Caerleon.

*Enter CAERLEON, R. 1 E., supporting MURIEL tenderly; she wears a hood or cardinal over her head as if about to go out.*

CAER. You ordered her an airing; she has promised to accompany Lady Penarvon.

MUR. No, you! But it can't be time to start already!

ENID. Unconscionable! why you've been more than an hour together.

MUR. An hour! Then the hours are ever so much shorter here than in the convent (*tenderly to CAERLEON*) though the three weeks you have been away did seem very long.

CAER. If they seemed long to you, what must they have seemed to



me? How I sighed to escape even from my father's hearty kindness, and the king's gracious favor, to thee, my suffering angel. Tell me, Sir Caradoc, has she not been very ill?

SIR C. Yes—no—that is——

ENID. She has suffered a great deal.

MUR. Ah, but the sharpest sufferings were not the worst to bear. Sometimes in the dead of night, a shadowy form seemed to rise at my bedside, a breath seemed to lift my hair as if a face were bent close to mine, and low words of hate were hissed in my ear——

ENID. Horrible! My poor Muriel!

MUR. Then form, breath, voice, all would suddenly pass away, and I lay cold, pulseless, unable to stir or cry!

SIR C. The cerebral excitement of fever. You must forget these ghastly fancies, Muriel.

CAER. Let us leave this room, it reminds you of your past sufferings. Your mother is waiting for us.

MUR. You will come with us, Enid.

ENID. Oh, yes! four is so much pleasanter than three. (*getting hood.*)

MUR. (*to CARADOC*). You will see her to the coach. (*to CAERLEON*) You will have enough to do to take care of me. [*Exeunt MURIEL and CAERLEON, followed by SIR CARADOC and ENID, R.*]

*Enter, d or R. 1 E. GWYNNEDD, cautiously.*

GWYN. Uncle will come in! Goodness knows what spell he'd cast on me if I said him nay. (*music*) This way.

*Enter MADOC GOCH, R. 1 E.*

MAD. In the sick chamber at last! Quick, give me something she has worn, and a vessel she has drunk out of. (*GWYNNEDD gives ribbon and the glass with infusion—MADOC gets a packet from his pouch.*)

*Re-enter SIR CARADOC, R. C., unseen by MADOC and GWYNNEDD, who are at small table, forward L.*

SIR C. (*aside*) Gwynnedd and the old simple-monger! (*see the glass in MADOC's hand*) By Heaven, I have caught the poisoners in the act! (*advances, seizes MADOC and brings him down on his R.*) What make you in this room?

MAD. Why, look you, Sir Caradoc—Gwynnedd and I—(*hesitating*) I and Gwynnedd——

SIR C. No fishing for an answer—your business here at once or——

GWYN. He would come in; I don't know what he wants——

SIR C. Silence, giglot! Speak, sirral! (*GWYNNEDD gets round to R.*)

MAD. I am here for the love of En d Gwynn. I would turn all scatche and sorrow from her path.

SIR C. And I know the damnable means you have taken. What were you putting in that glass? What devil's devices have you in that packet?

MAD. Do not blaspheme. I have here a brock's teeth beaten out while he lived; these I would have Gwynnedd sow in a garment of Enid Gwynn's.

SIR C. Do you think to dupe me with your mountebank jargon? Open the packet at once. (*MADOC opens it*) As I live, here are the badger's teeth as he said—and what are these?

MAD. This, (*showing ivy leaf*) put in a glass she has drunk from, as it

sinks or swims, so shall she live or die, and in this (*holding up an oak gall*) if opened with right hand on garment of hers, you may foreknow her fate by the thing you find within—a fly for want—a worm for wealth—and a spider for death; and look, (*opens oak gall*) here is the spider—she must die.

SIR C. (*examining the packet*). There is nothing else; but I am not to be duped so easily. You are here to compass this maiden's death.

GWYN. Oh dear, oh dear! me, that wouldn't kill a fly!

MAD. Madoc Goch a murderer! Gwynnedd, hast thou had aught to do with such a deed?

GWYN. Oh, uncle, look at me, do I look like murder?

MAD. Swear by the Gorsedd and the relics of Corwen, and remember none ever forswore that oath and lived!

GWYN. I swear!

MAD. (*to SIR CARADOC*). Look at me between the eyes, and if you are not too proud, take my hand (*holds it out*) It is horny with seventy years of labor, but there is no stain on it—see if it trembles as a murderer's should when he is caught red hand. To bring evil on the stranger I have laid iron in fairy springs, and buried mandrakes by Druid stones, and spoken the words that blight and ban, and listened for your death cry, and looked for your corpse lights! But the curse of blood cleaves, and sign nor spell can cleanse its stain—my hand is clean. I would swear, but on what shall I swear before you, that believe nothing

SIR C. Perhaps I have done you wrong—I should rejoice to believe you innocent. (*music*) His whole body is in a tremble—let him drink of this, it is the draught prepared for Muriel last night, it will soothe him. (*hands GWYNNEDD the infusion, she takes it to MADOC, aside*) She does not hesitate, and yet, if guilty they know it is poisoned.

MAD. To your health, Sir Caradoc—you will not accuse me again. (*he is about to drink, SIR CARADOC hastily takes the glass from him—stop music.*)

SIR C. I believe you. There, that assurance will do you more good than the drink; now leave the castle, and before you are seen.

[*Exit GWYNNEDD hastily, R. C.*]

MAD. (*up at door, c.*). But you believe

SIR C. Yes, yes, away with you. [*Exit MADOC, door, R. C.*]  
I cannot doubt. She would have given him the poison, and he would have drunk it without wincing.

*Enter LORD PENARVON, R. C.*

Yet if they are not guilty, it must be—(*sees PENARVON*) Penarvon, in good time. Nearly a month ago I revealed to you the attempt I had detected against Muriel's life. Your suspicions fell on one to whom, nevertheless, in renewed confidence, you entrusted her safety.

LORD P. And nobly she has justified her trust. Ah, Caradoc, when I undertook to win back my wife's heart I hardly dreamed how utterly she would become mistress of mine. (*sits L of C table.*)

SIR C. (*on his L.*). Penarvon, Muriel's life is very dear to you?

LORD P. Dearer than my own. What would I not give to know her out of danger! Happily, since Eveline has watched over her we know the murderer is kept at bay.

SIR C. True; Lady Penarvon answered for Muriel's life. Since then none but her mother has touched aught that reached her lips.

LORD P. And thence my faith, that what we have still to overcome are the lingering effects of the poison.

SIR C. What if it were my painful duty to shake that faith?

LORD P. There is a terrible significance in your voice—your look. What mean you? Speak out, man!

SIR C. I will give you not words but proofs. Suspicion may err, but science is infallible. (*music—takes glass from table*) Look here; this infusion was prepared for Muriel by her mother. (*comes more front.*)

LORD P. Well, well, do not torture me.

SIR C. This (*showing vial which he takes out of a case from his pocket*) is ammonia-sulphate of copper. I will pour some drops into the infusion; if the draught be innocent, we shall see no change—if it be poisoned, it will decompose and form a green precipitate. (*he pours the drops into glass—its contents change color.*)

LORD P. 'Fore Heaven, it changes! Caradoc! what would you conclude?

SIR C. That we have more than after-effects to baffle; that the attempts are still renewed. Let me place this fearful witness under lock and key (*takes glass and shuts it in cabinet, R.*)

LORD P. Still renewed? Then even Eveline's precautions have failed. Our enemy is indeed a terrible one. Ha! (*then as if repelling a sudden thought*) I cannot face that suspicion, and now, too, when my faith seemed rooted on a rock. Counsel me, friend, what would you infer from this?

SIR C. It is for you to infer—not me. I give you facts. You best know your original grounds of suspicion—the assurances that removed them.

LORD P. You mean that I was rash to trust them; that Muriel is not safe under her mother's care?

SIR C. (*evasively*) But not, perhaps, by her mother's fault.

LORD P. Oh for the faith I felt but now! Whom shall I trust to if I cannot trust to her? Yet, must I look helpless on and see my innocent doomed to death before my eyes? Caradoc, counsel me.

SIR C. Ask higher counsel.

LORD P. Who am I, what has my life been, that I should appeal to Heaven? There, too, the curse comes home! Faith in woman's word, in Heaven's Providence—all, all is shattered! Henceforth I must trust myself alone.

*Enter LADY PENARVON, R. 1 E.*

SIR C. Your wife!

LADY P. Muriel is somewhat overcome by her airing; she is lying down in my room. (*sees LORD PANARVON'S excitement*) Owen, why are you disturbed? what has happened?

LORD P. Eveline, I trusted our daughter to your care; you answered to me for her life. I was too ready to listen to your promises.

LADY P. For pity's sake, explain yourself.

LORD P. I have discovered—(*to SIR CARADOC*) No, no. Speak you; I have not the courage. (*goes up and sinks into chair L. of C. table.*)

LADY P. Aye, speak—let me know all.

SIR C. I have proved to your husband that by some infernal treachery poison still finds its way into the medicines prepared for your daughter.

LADY P. Poison still! Can there be a fiend under this roof? I scarcely leave Muriel's side; I see to the preparation of her food, her drink, her medicines; what can I do more? how struggle against the darkling hand that strikes her, even in my arms?

LORD P. Yes, there is one means, an infallible one.

LADY P. Oh tell it me, for the love of Heaven.

LORD P. We must put the seas between the victim and her enemy ; I will save our darling by taking her hence.

LADY P. You are right, Owen. Strange I never thought of that. Once away from Dinas Arvon she will be safe. Let us go at once. (*turning towards door.*)

LORD P. I will give instant orders ; I will accompany her.

LADY P. Oh, yes, we will watch over her together.

LORD P. Not so, Eveline. (*pausing and arresting her hasty movement*) A month ago you told me you would share with none the guardianship of our daughter, and what has come of it ? I say to you, *now*, I will watch over Muriel's life and I will watch alone. (*SIR CARADOC rises.*)

LADY P. Alone ? (*crosses to SIR CARADOC*) Have you advised this ?

SIR C. (*L.*). Madam ! (*embarrassed.*)

LADY P. Enough ! you have. You would separate me from my child—I defy you. You would tear her from my arms—not while there is life in them.

LORD P. What shelter have those arms afforded ? Eveline, I have trusted you, Heaven knows how blindly. Do not press my faith too far ; you have heard my will, it is for you to obey.

LADY P. In all but this. In this my obedience would proclaim me unnatural. My daughter's life is struck at still. To save her will task even a mother's energy and tenderness to the utmost. Whatever you may decide for Muriel, *I have* decided. I will not leave her.

LORD P. You must.

LADY P. I will not.

LORD P. To-night she sleeps at Shrewsbury under my sole guardianship. (*as if going, R.—she stops him.*)

LADY P. No, no. I implore you by my past sufferings, by our present love. You, sir—you see, you hear—he you the judge between us. Tell him he has not the right to separate me from my child—tell him he must not.

SIR C. (*with an outburst of feeling*). No, no ; he will not do it.

LORD P. (*astomished*), Caradoc !

SIR C. You must not separate them.

LORD P. What has she done thus suddenly to justify herself in your eyes ?

SIR C. What has she done ? Look at her, man !—she does not even suspect the hideous accusation that hangs over her head.

LADY P. Accusation against me ! (*shuddering*) Oh, Heaven ! He still suspects that I am the destroyer of my child !

### *Enter MURIEL, R.*

LORD P. Muriel—not now, not here !

LADY P. (*holding out her arms*). My Muriel, they want to take you from me.

MUR. (*starting away from her*). To separate us !

LADY P. They say I do not love thee—that I have not watched over thee closely enough. Oh ! if you could hear what they say. (*hoarsely, and half to herself.*)

MUR. They—who ?

LADY P. Sir Caradoc and your father.

MUR. Separate me from you !—but why, why ?

LADY P. (*passionately*). He thinks——

LORD P. Eveline, for pity's sake, spare her

LADY P. He thinks the hand which wars against your life is mine.



MUR. And here is my answer. (*throws herself into LADY PENARVON'S arms.*)

LADY P. My Muriel! my own Muriel!

MUR. (*turning to LORD PENARVON*). Oh, my lord, you are good and kind; I will kneel at your feet—die there, before you shall tear me from my mother! (*kneels.*)

LORD P. Muriel, you wring my heart. It is to save thee I would take thee hence. I would give honor, life, all, to be convinced I might safely trust thee to thy mother's love. I have yielded once—I thought it was for ever, to her protestations, her tears, the strong compulsion of her face, her voice; but once more the horrible doubt rears its head—I cannot combat it but by flight. Oh! what shall I do? Counsel me, Heaven, unworthy as I am! Man cannot counsel here! (*sinks into a chair.*)

MUR. Let Heaven's counsel speak through me. (*kneeling to LORD PENARVON*) You love me, love me dearly. But you are not like my mother. You have not passed years in guessing my wants, consoling my childish sorrows, as she has done, and you would take her from me! You would not see me die. I could not live apart from her.

LADY P. Take her hence, my lord, if you have still the heart. Her love remains with me, and we shall not be parted.

*Enter ENID, R.*

ENID. Father—two gentlemen from Caernarvon are in the hall; they would speak with you. They bade me give you this. (*gives him paper.*)

LORD P. (*opens paper and reads*). The deposition of Dr. Ramsay, made before two of His Majesty's justices for the county, touching an attempt at poisoning in this house. (*to LADY PENARVON*) You hear, Eveline, justice is in Dinas Arvon, in the persons of these gentlemen.

LADY P. Thank Heaven for that! The keen eye of justice may discover what has baffled us.

LORD P. (*rises*). *Mort de ma vie!* her cheek does not blanch; not a muscle quivers. This is not guilt in the presence of justice.

MUR. While you attend them, I would sleep; I am weary.

LADY P. Lie down on this couch. We will receive these gentlemen together. Enid shall watch by Muriel. (*MURIEL lies down, L.*) Oh, my lord, you will still leave us together?

LORD P. This mystery of wickedness baffles me; all in it is darkness, but about thee is light—the light of faith and love. Yes, Eveline; they may call me weak, fickle, impotent of will, the fool of a fair face and pleading tongue. I care not. Eveline, I trust in thee, I will never doubt thee more.

LADY P. Heaven's blessing on that faith. (*kisses his hand*) Now, let come what will, we will be strong to bear it, for we will bear it together.

LORD P. (*kissing MURIEL as she lies*). Farewell, my Muriel, I will not be long absent.

ENID. I will watch by her till you return. [*Exeunt LORD and LADY PENARVON, R. C.; SIR CARADOC follows, but comes back on tiptoe.*]

SIR C. Should Muriel feel thirsty, let her drink of this. I can answer for it. (*sets a glass of water on the table, behind the couch, and within reach of arras, L. C.*)

ENID. I will be careful. Fear not; she will be safe in my charge.

SIR C. As in Heaven's.

[*Kisses her and exit, R. C.—ENID hums a low song.*]

ENID. She sleeps!

*Enter* LADY PENARVON, R. C.

LADY P. Enid!

ENID. Hush! her slumber is so light.

LADY P. They ask for you in the hall. 'Twas in your presence Muriel's first attack declared itself.

ENID. Is it very terrible to be questioned!

LADY P. Not for those whose souls are clear as yours and mine.

ENID. Good watch, and a happy waking to our Muriel. [*Exit*, R. C.]

LADY P. (*comes down to couch and kisses* MURIEL, *who is asleep*). He could distrust me. He to whom I had given back my heart in entire fulness of faith! Yet let me not wrong him; my own dreadful words were there. Could he forget them?—No! Enid is beyond suspicion. Her grandmother, whose hate I know, is a prisoner to her chair, incapable of moving hand or foot. Yes, appearances are strong against me; where shall I seek for support against them but in my love for her—my prayers to Heaven? Her slumber is agitated; perhaps she is suffering even in sleep. I, too, could, but for the thoughts that keep me wakeful. (*goes to oratory, R. and kneels*) Oh Heaven have pity on us; be her stay and mine. If misery must fall on this house, oh! shield her innocent head, even though the ruin should light on me. I have regained my husband's love; I have repented of my sin; death has no terror for me. If I cannot protect her upon earth, perchance I may be allowed to watch over her from heaven. (*rises from oratory and sits in arm chair, R. C.—falls asleep. The arras, L., is seen to move, then under cover of the half-drawn arras, which conceals the figure behind it from the Audience and* LADY PENARVON, *but so that it is visible to* ENID'S *side view on entering, LADY GRIFFYDD'S hand and arm are put forth.*)

*Re-enter* ENID, *door* R. C.

ENID. Eveline, you are called.

*As* ENID *stands, she commands a view of the figure behind the arras—the moonlight falls through the window on the group—the hand is seen to hold a vial, from which it pours some drops into the glass of water placed on the table near the couch by* SIR CARADOC—ENID *gazes, unable to move or speak; the hand is withdrawn, and the arras falls again over the panel.*

MUR. (*walking*). Mother, I am thirsty. (*puts her hand out for the glass*—ENID *shrieeks, and springing to table, dashes the glass to the ground*—LADY PENARVON *starts up*—*Tub eau.*)

LADY PENARVON.

ENID.

MURIEL.

R.

L.

CURTAIN.

## ACT IV

SCENE.—*Garden in 4th grooves.*ENID *discovered seated on garden seat, R.*

ENID. It must have been fancy—a phantom of the brain, conjured up by Muriel's story of her nightly terrors, and no reality. Oh! if I could but think so! In the moonlight, in that momentary view—so horrible a deed! Oh, it is impossible—it could not be she; may not my eyes have deceived me! What must I do—I cannot denounce? (*wringing her hands*) I cannot leave Muriel to die. (*stop music.*)

*Enter MURIEL, R. 3 E.*

MUR. (*running up to ENID and kissing her*). Good-morning, my Enid.

ENID. Up and about thus early?

MUR. Oh, I feel as gay as a lark this morning. I have been up ever so long.

ENID. Indeed; have you made your reverence to your mother?

MUR. Yes.

ENID. And to my grandam?

MUR. Not yet. I always come to you after my mother.

ENID. Muriel, sit down beside me. (*they sit, R.*) So. Muriel, you believe I love you as a sister?

MUR. You're a naughty child to ask that question.

ENID. Then if I told you I had a feeling I could not shake off—a presentiment that no reasoning could resist, that I had found a way to restore thee to health—to save thee for our love—for Caerleon's—would you do what I ask?

MUR. That would I.

ENID. You would?

MUR. As long as I had a will of my own. But, what is this great thing you would have me do?

ENID. Leave the castle.

MUR. (*astonished*). Leave Dinas Arvon? You, too?

ENID. Yes, this very day. My darling Muriel, this very hour, if possible.

MUR. Hey-day! why this mighty hurry?

ENID. Do not ask me—I cannot account for it, I tell you. But, I have faith that if you follow my counsel, all will go well; you will recover.

MUR. But how am I to excuse myself to my lord? 'Twas but yesterday he was as hot as you are for my going, and I was on my knees to him to stay.

ENID. Tell him you have changed your mind; that you feel the air of Dinas Arvon heavy—unbreathable; that Sir Caradoc advises change of scene—no matter what—only insist on going. Even if they should think it a sick girl's fancy, they love thee too well to say thee nay.

*Enter LADY PENARVON and SIR CARADOC, from L. U. E.—they overhear the last words, coming forward.*

You will go, Muriel, promise me? (*very seriously*) Give me your word you will go. (*they rise.*)

LADY P. How, now, Enid? why thus, earnest with Muriel to leave this place? Did my lord bid you urge her?

ENID. No. (*embarrassed*) It was a fancy of my own. (*crosses to L.*)

SIR C. So, so, Madame Coz, are you taking to prescribe, too, and for my patient? For shame!

MUR. (R.). She insists on it that change of air would do me so much good.

ENID. It would save thee—(LADY PENARVON, R. C., and SIR CARADOC *exchange looks*) I mean it would quite restore thee to thine own bright self.

LADY P. Prithee, what put this fancy into thy head, Enid?

SIR C. Changing the air is an old and good remedy. We may think of it a few days hence.

ENID. A few days! Why put it off at all?

LADY P. Why this haste? It is impossible for my lord to leave Dinas Arvon while these gentlemen (*significantly*) are our guests.

ENID. Then, you go with her, without the delay of a day—an hour. (*to SIR CARADOC*) Cousin, add your authority to mine—to her mother's. She has given me her word. Have you not, Muriel?

SIR C. Hoity toity which of us is doctor here? Did you not hear me recommend a few days' postponement?

ENID. Oh, to what end?

SIR C. In a few days Muriel will be stronger.

ENID. In a few days I tell you she will be—(*pauses.*)

LADY P. Enid! (*aside to SIR CARADOC*) She knows the poisoner. Take Muriel hence.

SIR C. Come, Muriel, if you are to travel, even in a few days, you will need all the strength we can give you—we, the real doctors, in doublet and hose, and not the quacks in farthingales. (*offers his arm to MURIEL.*)

LADY P. At last I shall know the terrible truth. Go, Muriel. (*aside to ENID*) Stay, Enid, I would speak with thee.

[*Exit SIR CARADOC and MURIEL, R. U. E.*]

Enid, you know the cause of your sister's ailment.

ENID. Yes! Poison!

LADY P. You are sure of that, for you know the hand that strikes the blow!

ENID. I!

LADY P. I say you know the murderer. Who is it?

ENID. How should I know, madam? I cannot tell you.

LADY P. What you have discovered, I know not; but your confusion when I awaked last night, the broken glass, your eagerness but now—all concurs to prove that you know more than you have told. It may be but a clue revealed by chance; perhaps but a suspicion. But tell it me, help me to one ray of light in the midst of this horrible darkness; however weak, it may guide us towards the truth. One word, Enid; but one word!

ENID. Oh, madam, if I knew, do you think you would be questioning me?

LADY P. Enid, there are occasions when silence is sin. There are secrets which taint the conscience that keeps them—secrets which Heaven reproves and punishes!

ENID. To the hand of Heaven I commit myself!

LADY P. My Enid, bethink thee. There is a hand raised against Muriel's life. It may strike again and again, here or elsewhere—we know nothing. How are we to meet, to turn aside, the blow, if we cannot discover whence it comes? What I ask of you is the salvation of your sister! You do not wish her death?



ENID. Take her hence! I tell you again, take her hence! Go with her—she will be safe. I answer for her life!

LADY P. Hear me, Enid. I stand in your mother's place. I have ever loved you as my own—have ever sought to make you happy, not that you might forget her you have lost, but that you might feel there were two mothers that watched over you—one in heaven, and one here, in me.

ENID. (*passionately*). Oh yes, yes! You have been to me, at once sister and mother. Your kindness has not fallen on an ungrateful heart. I love you—love you dearly!

LADY P. You love me, and yet, when by a word you could save what is more to me than life, my fair fame—

ENID. I do not understand you.

LADY P. Enid, do you know—can you guess—whom they suspect, nay, accuse of this hideous crime?

ENID (*eagerly*). Whom—whom?

LADY P. Me!

ENID. You!

LADY P. Aye, me, her mother! They have dared to accuse me of undermining the life of my child!

ENID. Merciful Heaven!

LADY P. The only proof of my innocence is the discovery of the guilty. This proof you hold in your hand—deny it not—and with that hand you can lift her out of danger and me out of despair. (*kneels*) Now, Enid, will you speak?

ENID. I would give my life to clear you, I would stand between you and your accuser and declare you innocent—I know it—I could swear it by all that is sacred, but for pity's sake, ask no more.

LADY P. Deaf to my prayers—insensible to my tears! What have I done, that you should leave me under this weight of agony and shame, when you know that by one word you could save us all!

*Enter LORD PENARVON, L. 3 E.*

Ah, my lord! seek no further for Muriel's destroyer—your daughter knows.

LORD P. (L.). Enid?

ENID. Mercy, mercy!

LADY P. (c.). Question her! Command her! By the obedience and love of a daughter charge her that she speak!

LORD P. Enid, (*crosses to her*) you know this secret murderer?

ENID. No, no; I but prayed my lady to leave the castle with Muriel, for that I thought this the only means of saving her. That was all.

LADY P. It was not all! To say nothing of last night, but now, when in my despair I revealed to her the suspicion that darkened over me, she said she knew my innocence—would swear it.

LORD P. You said this, Enid, and it is the truth? You are silent? then you must know the poisoner. What hinders you from speaking out? Bethink you well! To keep the secret of a crime—to leave the innocent under suspicion—do you know what you must be yourself?

ENID. The accomplice of the criminal. Oh, father, do you believe that of me? Nay, you must answer me, now?

LORD P. It is for me to question. Do you know the murderer?

LADY P. She does, she does! Look at her!

ENID (R.). I have no more to say.

LORD P. (R. c.). My Enid, I have not the heart to question thee with the sternness of a judge. These last three weeks have done the work

of years on me. I am weak—did'st thou know how weak, thou must needs pity me. (*taking her tenderly in his arms*) Look you, Enid, when I, thy father, thus holding thee to my heart, pray thee for love of me, to tell us the truth, to rescue us from this hell of horror and of crime that closes us round, canst thou have the heart to say me nay—tell me, my own Enid, canst thou?

ENID. Father, I know nothing.

LORD P. Swear that to me by the honor of a Penarvon.

ENID. Oh, mercy, mercy!

LORD P. Swear.

ENID (*wringing her hands*). Is there no way? Oh, must, I speak?

LORD P. We await your answer. (*doors of garden-house at back open.*)

LADY P. Speak; I implore thee, speak! (*LADY GRIFFYDD is seen in her chair in garden-house, c., ENID sees her; not the others.*)

ENID (*with her eyes fixed on LADY GRIFFYDD*). You may kill me! I have no more to say.

LORD P. Be it so—do thy will; others will do their duty. I will take Muriel hence. (*going R. 3 E.*)

ENID (*joyously*). Oh thanks, thanks. (*follows LORD PENARVON to door.*)

LORD P. For you, you have resisted a father's entreaty. There are those here who will adjure, not by the prayer of love, but by the majesty of law. To their stern questioning I leave thee. Come, Eveline.

[*Exit, door R. 3 E.*]

LADY P. (*goes to door, R. 3 E.*). Enid, I do not yet despair. You cannot resist my sufferings—your father's. I leave my life and Muriel's in your hands.

[*Kisses her and exit, R. 3 E.*]

ENID. Heaven inspire and strengthen me! (*GWYNEDD and MADOC wheel forward LADY GRIFFYDD in her chair.*)

LADY G. A glass of water—my eyes fail me; who is that yonder?

GWYN. Mistress Enid, my lady.

*Fetches water from house, R., returns and gives it to LADY GRIFFYDD to drink of, then sets it on garden table and places table on R. of LADY GRIFFYDD.*

LADY G. Ah, my Enid, these old eyes fail indeed, that I know thee not. Come to me. (*ENID hesitates*) What is the matter? Thou look'st pale—thou hast been watching again.

ENID. Perhaps it was last night's watch by Muriel's bedside—the last indeed, for to-day she leaves the castle.

LADY G. To-day! Ah, is that decided?

ENID. It is decided.

LADY G. Then Lady Penarvon's daughter is better?

ENID. Much better. Perhaps she has me to thank for her improvement.

LADY G. You! How?

ENID. I distrust Sir Caradoc's medicines. I have often fancied the infusion she took over night made her weaker next morning.

LADY G. Ah!

ENID. So last night I substituted fair water for her draught.

LADY G. You did that?

ENID. Yes, and Muriel is much better this morning.

LADY G. Better—is she?

ENID. Though, perhaps, I am claiming too much credit. The infusion seemed harmless by the taste.

LADY G. (*eagerly*). You have not tasted it?

ENID. Tasted it!

LADY G. Say you have not tasted?—answer me

ENID. No.

LADY G. 'Tis well.

ENID (*aside*). Alas! it was no dream.

LADY G. So she's better, and about to leave us. I am glad of it—though her death would have left thee sole heiress of the honors of thy house, instead of the nameless orphan thou art now.

ENID (*aside*). 'Twas for my sake she dared this crime. (*a carriage heard*) Hark! the coach that is to carry Muriel away.

LADY G. So soon! Stay—she must not go without bidding me farewell.

ENID. You would see her?

LADY G. Why not?

ENID. Ah! she comes this way.

LADY G. (*aside*). It is a last chance fate puts in my way. Go, my child, bring her to my chair.

ENID *goes slowly towards door, R. 3 E*, LADY GRIFFYDD *suddenly pours into the glass of water some drops from a vial which she takes out of her bosom; her hand trembles and the vial strikes against the glass—at the sound ENID looks quickly back and detects the act.*

ENID (*coming down quickly*). Grandam!

LADY G. Well, child!

ENID. Muriel—she is here?

*Enter MURIEL and CAERLEON, R. U.*

MUR. Farewell, my Enid—but not for long.

CAER. We are here to bid our respectful adiens to you, madam, and to pray that you will allow your granddaughter to come to us ere long.

LADY G. To come to you—for what?

CAER. Muriel would feel our marriage marred if Enid were not there.

LADY G. Oh, you would have her serve as bridesmaid, doubtless; grace, as is fitting, the ceremony that gives another the wealth, rank, honor, that should have been her own.

MUR. Not so; but that her love, that has still followed me through life should not leave me till I stand before the altar. Do not refuse this last prayer.

ENID. My Muriel!

LADY G. She pleads earnestly, poor child; see if she be not all a tremble.

MUR. 'Tis that I am still so weak.

LADY G. Drink of this, 'twill restore you. (*indicates glass by a look*) Give it her, Enid. For this invitation you shall do as likes you best.

MUR. Oh, thank you, thank you! You hear, Enid?

ENID. Yes, I hear and I understand. (*she holds the glass—LADY GRIFFYDD looks at her steadily.*)

*Enter LORD and LADY PENARVON, and SIR CARADOC, R. 3 E., and MADOC and GWYNNEDD, C*

LORD P. Enid, the justices are bid hither—you must speak to them.

LADY P. Yes, Enid, you must name the murderer.

LADY G. The murderer! What mean you? Enid, do you know?

ENID. I know nothing, but this—that you have loved me well, grand-am—but too well, and to you I drink. (*about to drink.*)

LADY G. (*springs up*). Ah! (*seizes the glass from ENID and dashes it to the ground*)

LADY P. Not motionless!

LADY G. There's death in the draught.

LADY P. Ha! the poisoner!

LORD P. (*to CAERLEON*). Bid hither the magistrates.

[*Exit CAERLEON, R. 3 E.*]

LADY G. It needs not! (*to LADY PENARVON*) I have hated you, and my hate has done its worst. Yet, in defiance of my hate, you have won back your husband's love—you have thrust your offspring between the child of my love and her rights. What is the justice of Heaven that I should fear it when it lets such things be? Yes, you have triumphed; but I will rob you of your last and greatest triumph—that of denouncing me to the law!

*Enter CAERLEON and MAGISTRATES, R. 3 E.*

I confess the deed. (*music—ENID shrieks and hides her face*) I have deceived you all. I had still feet to bear me to my revenge, hands that have worked to do right to her that is gone. I would have bid death to her marriage feast. I bid him still—mine if not her's—(*she drinks from the vial and falls dead—MADOC rushes forward and kneels at her feet.*)

LORD P. (*waving MAGISTRATES back*). Heaven's justice has struck home! Let man's justice stand aloof!

TWO MAGISTRATES.

GWYNNEDD.

CAER. MUR. LORD P. ENID.

LADY G. MADOC

LADY P. SIR CAR.

B.

L.

CURTAIN.

### SYNOPSIS.

To rightly understand the animus and action of some of the most important characters of this piece, it is requisite that the reader should bear in mind the peculiar characteristics of the Welsh people. As was the case in the Highlands of Scotland, traces of the belief and worship of pagan spirits lingered and sometimes mingled with those of a purer religion. Thus the belief that human sacrifice was sometimes necessary as an expiation, was often believed in by persons of the mental capacity (or incapacity) of LADY GRIFFYDD and MADOC GOCH. Thus much preliminary: now to the story of the play.

In the opening scene of the first act MORGAN PRICE enters from a journey, and finds himself surrounded by servants, in an ancient hall. He carries a mail pouch, and after heartily greeting maids and men, he inquires for GWYNNEDD, a maid servant; who, on entering, is told that MORGAN has a letter for her lady. A conversation ensues, by which it appears that the old Welsh servants deem that LADY GRIFFYDD is the only true "Lady" in the castle, she being of the old blood, and also being the mother of ENID, daughter of LORD PENARVON by his first wife. MORGAN disputes this dictum, and asserts that the present wife of LORD PENARVON is the true "Lady." While they are disputing on this subject, MADOC enters. He is uncouthly clad, and his general look betokens poverty and abstraction. MORGAN at first tries to outstare the hoary shepherd, but at last is fain to retreat before his stern glance. MADOC reproaches his niece, GWYNNEDD, for her faithful service to



the strange lady, and leads her to believe that he has laid her mistress under a spell. MADOC then bids the girl place a small blue glass ring where ENID is sure to find it; the young lady finds it as desired; and shortly after enters, and shows the ring. MADOC informs her it was his gift, and that it is a snake-stone ring, and brings blessings to the finder. LADY GRIFFYDD comes in, and her first utterances are full of hatred for the "stranger," whom she would fain have ENID hate—but the gentle girl loves her instead. SIR CARADOC, in approaching the castle, stabs Bran, MODOC's savage wolf-dog, who had leaped on him. SIR CARADOC, who has devoted his fine talents to the healing art, had been in attendance on LADY PENARVON, and while they talk of her, she enters. Not seeing the others, as she is in a reverie, ENID runs to her, and recalls her to herself. We now learn that one CAERLEON had been injured greatly while rescuing LADY PENARVON from danger; and while conversing, the young man enters. CAERLEON says that a letter from his father urges his stay for the present; LADY PENARVON shows a letter from her husband, in which he announces his return that very day. CAERLEON starts at this news, and says in a low tone, "He's MURIEL's father—he shall decide our fate."

In the midst of some bitter taunts, between the two "ladies" of Penarvon, the arrival of LORD PENARVON is announced. LADY GRIFFYDD steals an opportunity to try and instil a hatred of LADY PENARVON into the heart of her grand-daughter, ENID, before they are joined by LORD and LADY PENARVON and SIR CARADOC. LORD PENARVON soon informs his hearers, that he is at last tired of a court life, that the court of the merry monarch had suffered an eclipse, by the accession of the dark-visaged James, and that he, PENARVON, has returned home to find true happiness in the bosom of his family. He proceeds to say, that the King has decided that CAERLEON shall be raised to a baronetcy, and that he shall wed ENID; this, his Majesty is induced to do by way of cheaply repaying some royal debts. SIR CARADOC and ENID are surprised and annoyed by this announcement. In truth, it displeases also, CAERLEON, LADY PENARVON, and MURIEL. ENID begs SIR CARADOC to get her father to prevent this marriage; he promises to do so; and, in good time, LORD PENARVON appears. He tells SIR CARADOC that he is about to essay the winning back of his wife's affection, which he has lost by his absence and neglect. Their further converse is interrupted by the entrance of old LADY GRIFFYDD. LORD PENARVON retires, and the lady urges SIR CARADOC to do all he can to hasten the espousal of ENID and CAERLEON. SIR CARADOC reluctantly consents. Then LADY PENARVON comes on, and the elder lady accuses her of trying to defeat the marriage of CAERLEON and ENID. When LADY GRIFFYDD leaves the scene, LADY PENARVON lets us see that her heart is torn by conflicting emotions, that she herself is almost in love with CAERLEON. LORD PENARVON enters, and tells his wife, EVELINE, that he is going to fit up the old castle, in gorgeous style, and hopes by unremitting attention to win back her lost love. She tells him that it is too late; that the affection of earlier years lies dead beneath its ashes. At this moment, MURIEL, their daughter, enters. Her sadness leads her mother to ask an explanation. It is given. MURIEL loves CAERLEON! The mother determines that her child shall wed the man she loves. Her husband enters, and readily agrees to the proposed match. This so enrages LADY GRIFFYDD that she falls as if dead.

In the second act, the old lady is seen asleep in a chair. Her grand-daughters, ENID and MURIEL, enter, and coax her to visit LADY PENARVON; at this interview, MURIEL betrays dreadful symptoms of some mysterious ailment, and falls helpless in the arms of ENID and LADY PENARVON. When LORD PENARVON enters, LADY GRIFFYDD essays to awaken jealousy in his wife, and tells him that her escritoire contains the proofs of her love for CAERLEON. PENARVON obtains the letters, and in them finds seeming evidence of his wife's guilt. SIR CARADOC becomes satisfied that MURIEL is being slowly poisoned by minute doses of arsenic. LORD PENARVON knows that hate lives in the heart of LADY GRIFFYDD against LADY PENARVON and her daughter MURIEL; but she can't be the murderess, as she is chained to her chair by paralysis. Can LADY PENARVON be trying to remove her daughter and rival! Horrible as is the idea, it is the only plausible one. He accuses his wife of her faith-

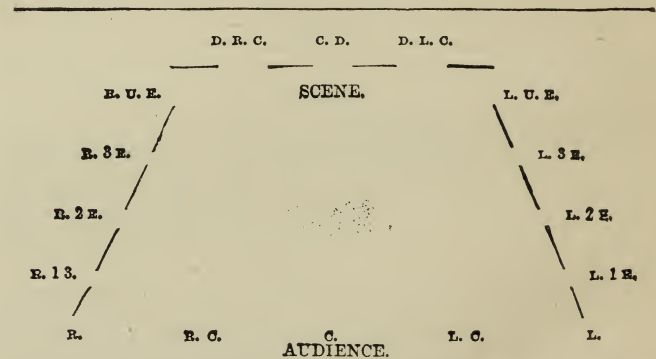
lessness, and in a very powerful scene, she convinces him of her innocence, and they resolve to find out together the author of the mysterious poisonings.

In the third act, ENID and SIR CARADOC reveal their mutual loves. CAERLEON returns from London with the King's sanction of their marriage, to find his poor MURIEL a mere shadow. SIR CARADOC convinces LORD PENARVON that poison is still administered to MURIEL, although every article of food and medicine is prepared and given to her only by her mother. The mystery is inexplicable. LADY PENARVON, left alone for a few minutes with MURIEL, kneels at an oratory with her back to the bed. A hand and arm pass from behind the hanging, which hides the body. A few drops are poured into the glass of water, left pure, by SIR CARADOC. ENID, who has just entered gently, sees this. MURIEL turns restlessly in her bed, extends her hand to take the glass, but ENID springs toward her, and dashes it to the floor.

In the fourth act, ENID convinced that her grandmother is the secret poisoner, advises that MURIEL should leave the castle, but love for her old grandmother prevents her revealing her discovery. It is determined that the ailing young girl shall go; but ere she leaves, she visits LADY GRIFFYDD to bid her good bye. The family are all assembled. LADY GRIFFYDD pours out a glass of water and adds an infusion of poison. Pretending to observe that MURIEL looks faint, she asks her to drink the water; but ENID, instead, takes up the glass, and places it to her lips. The old lady springs up, and dashes the goblet down. Thus showing that her paralysis was a cheat. The wondering spectators at once see who was the poisoner. LADY GRIFFYDD, seeing that her guilty attempts are all thwarted, exclaims: "I have deceived you all. I had still feet to bear me to my revenge, hands that have worked to do right to her that is gone. I would have bid death to her marriage-feast. I bid him still—mine, if not her's!" then drinking from the phial, she falls dead.

### EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Actor is supposed to face the Audience.



L.	Left.
L. C.	Left Centre.
L. 1 E.	Left First Entrance.
L. 2 E.	Left Second Entrance.
L. 3 E.	Left Third Entrance.
L. U. E.	Left Upper Entrance
(wherever this Scene may be.)	
D. L. C.	Door Left Centre.

C.	Centre.
R.	Right.
R. 1 E.	Right First Entrance.
R. 2 E.	Right Second Entrance.
R. 3 E.	Right Third Entrance.
R. U. E.	Right Upper Entrance.
D. R. C.	Door Right Centre.

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*MR. FLIPPER'S DRAWING ROOM.*

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### ACT II.

Foot of Monument Rock, Black Canon.

Midnight in the Black Canon—The Vigilantes—Bring on the prisoner—The accusation—"I am innocent!"—The trial—Circumstantial evidence—A blackleg's oath—Ruth's testimony—Lynch law—Jimmie to the rescue—The noose cut—The escape.

### ACT III.

Mouth of the "Little Ruth" Mine.

Tom Dalton with song—Spriggs the bard—"Is it loaded?"—Mrs. Fireworks—"Fire away"—The sheriff in disguise—The papers in the case—Andrews appears—The plot thickens—The explosion in the mine—"Who will save them!"—"No man can!"—"Then a woman will!"—Andrews the hero.

### ACT IV.

A Room in Mrs. Spriggs' House.


Spriggs despondent—The comic singer, with song and dance—Ruth alone—The storm—The silent witness again—The murder out—A terrible struggle—Just in time—The tables turned—"Down the Black Canon!"—Saved!—"There's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream."

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33. Jealous Husband, sketch .....	2	1	81. Rival Artists, sketch, 1 scene.....	4	
94. Julius the Snoozer, burlesque, 3 sc.	6	1	26. Rival Tenants, sketch.....	4	
03. Katrina's Little Game, Dutch act,			138. Rival Barbers' Shops (The), Ethio-		
1 scene.....	1	1	pian farce, 1 scene .....	6	1
9. Last of the Mohicans, sketch .....	3	1	15. Sam's Courtship, farce, 1 act.....	2	1
96. Laughing Gas, sketch, 1 scene.....	6	1	59. Sausage Makers, sketch, 2 scenes..	5	1
18. Live Injun, sketch, 4 scenes.....	4	1	21. Scampini, pantomime, 2 scenes.....	3	3
50. Lost Will, sketch .....	4		80. Scenes on the Mississippi, sketch,		
37. Lucky Job, farce, 2 scenes .....	3	2	2 scenes.....	6	
90. Lunatic (The), farce, 1 scene .....	3		84. Serenade (The), sketch, 2 scenes....	7	
9. Making a Hit, farce, 2 scenes.....	4		38. Siamese Twins, sketch, 2 scenes....	5	
9. Malicious Trespass, sketch, 1 scene.	3		74. Sleep Walker, sketch, 2 scenes.....	3	
49. Meriky, Ethiopian farce, 1 scene....	3	1	46. Slippery Day, sketch, 1 scene.....	6	1
51. Micky Free, Irish sketch, 1 scene..	5		69. Squire for a Day, sketch.....	5	1
96. Midnight Intruder, farce, 1 scene ..	6	1	56. Stage-struck Couple, interlude, 1 sc.	2	1
47. Milliner's Shop (The), Ethiopian			72. Stranger, burlesque, 1 scene.....	1	2
sketch, 1 scene.....	2	2	13. Streets of New York, sketch, 1 sc...	6	
29. Moko Marionettes, Ethiopian eccen-			16. Storming the Fort, sketch, 1 scene.	5	
tricity, 2 scenes .....	4	5	7. Stupid Servant, sketch, 1 scene....	2	
01. Molly Moriarty, Irish musical			121. Stocks Up! Stocks Down! Negro		
sketch, 1 scene.....	1	1	duologue, 1 scene.....	2	
17. Motor Bellows, comedy, 1 act.....	4		47. Take It, Don't Take It, sketch, 1 sc.	2	
44. Musical Servant, sketch, 1 scene....	3		54. Them Papers, sketch, 1 scene.....	3	
8. Mutton Trial, sketch, 2 scenes .....	4		100. Three Chiefs (The), sketch, 1 scene.	6	
19. My Wife's Visitors, comic drama, 1 sc.	6	1	102. Three A. M., sketch, 2 scenes....	3	1
49. Night in a Strange Hotel, sketch, 1 sc.	2		34. Three Strings to one Bow, sketch,		
32. Noble Savage, Ethi'n sketch, 1 sc...	4		1 scene .....	4	1
45. No Pay No Cure, Ethi'n sketch, 1 sc.	5		122. Ticket Taker, Ethi'n farce, 1 scene.	3	
22. Obeying Orders, sketch, 1 scene....	2	1	2. Tricks, sketch.....	5	2
27. 100th Night of Hamlet, sketch.....	7	1	104. Two Awfuls (The), sketch, 1 scene..	5	
25. Oh, Hush! operatic olio.....	4	1	5. Two Black Roses, sketch.....	4	1
30. One Night in a Bar Room, sketch..	7		28. Uncle Eph's Dream, sketch, 2 sc...	3	1
14. One Night in a Medical College,			134. Unlimited Cheek, sketch, 1 scene....	4	1
Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene .....	7	1	62. Vinegar Bitters, sketch, 1 scene....	6	1
76. One, Two, Three, sketch, 1 scene..	7		32. Wake up, William Henry, sketch...	3	
91. Painter's Apprentice, farce, 1 scene.	5		39. Wanted, a Nurse, sketch, 1 scene....	4	
37. Pete and the Peddler, Negro and			75. Weston, the Walkist, Dutch sketch,		
Irish sketch, 1 scene.....	2	1	1 scene.....	7	1
35. Pleasant Companions, Ethiopian			93. What shall I Take? sketch, 1 scene.	7	1
sketch, 1 scene .....	5	1	29. Who Died First? sketch, 1 scene...	3	1
92. Polar Bear (The), farce, 1 scene....	4	1	97. Who's the Actor? farce, 1 scene....	4	
9. Policy Players, sketch, 1 scene.....	7		137. Whose Baby is it? Ethiopian sketch,		
17. Pompey's Patients, interlude, 2 sc..	6		1 scene.....	2	1
35. Porter's Troubles, sketch, 1 scene..	6	1	143. Wonderful Telephone (The), Ethio-		
16. Port Wine vs. Jealousy, sketch.....	2	1	pian sketch, 1 scene.....	4	1
5. Private Boarding, comedy, 1 scene.	2	3	99. Wrong Woman in the Right Place,		
4. Recruiting Office, sketch, 1 act.....	5		sketch, 2 scenes .....	2	2
5. Rehearsal (The), Irish farce, 2 sc...	3	1	85. Young Scamp, sketch, 1 scene..	3	
5. Remittance from Home, sketch, 1 sc.	6		116. Zacharias' Funeral, farce, 1 scene..	5	
5. Rigging a Purchase, sketch, 1 sc...	3				

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